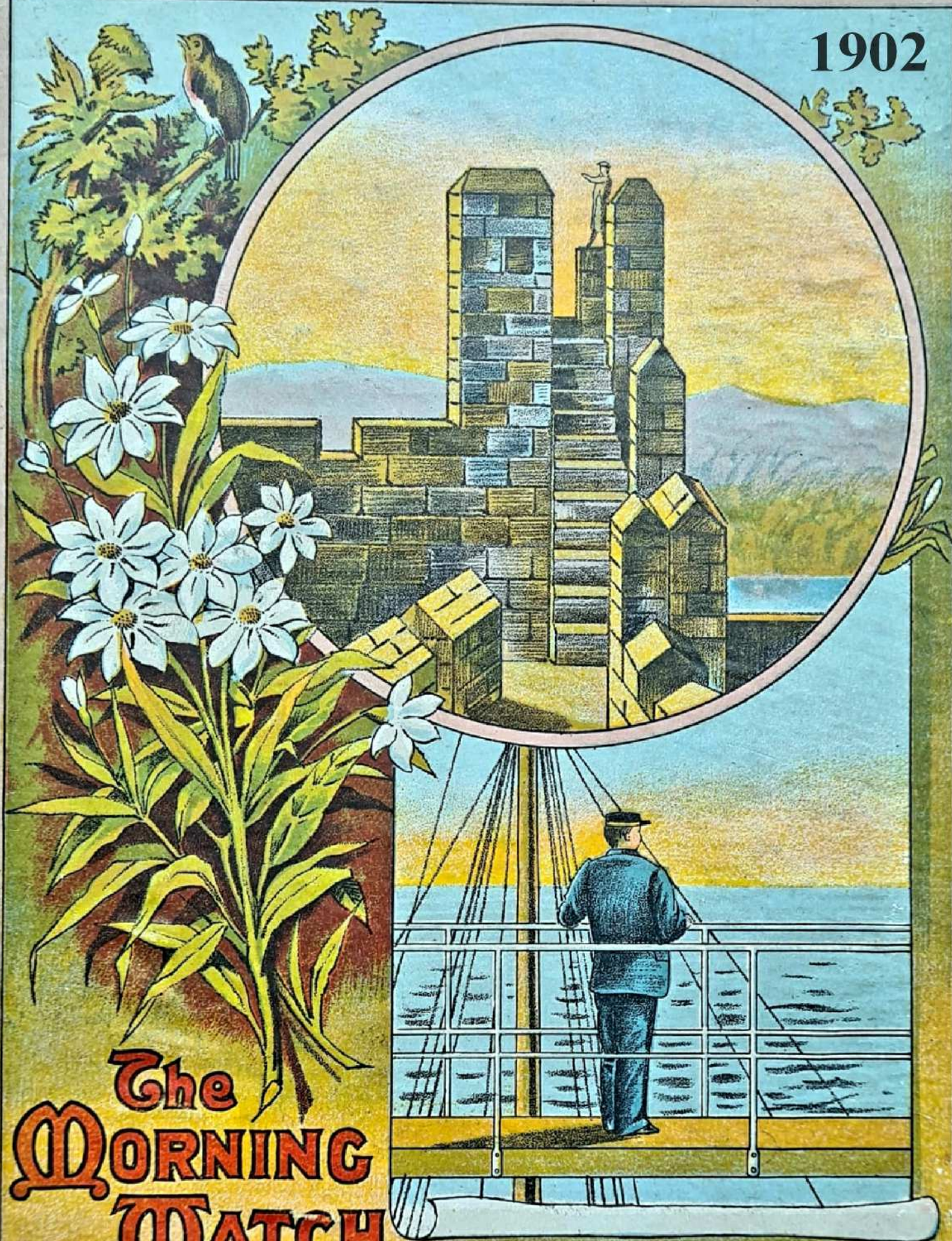


1902



The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
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The Morning Watch.

1902.

VOL. XV.

LONDON

HODDER & STOUGHTON.

GREENOCK

JAMES MCKELVIE & SONS.

EDINBURGH & GLASGOW

JOHN MENZIES & CO.

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January, 1902.

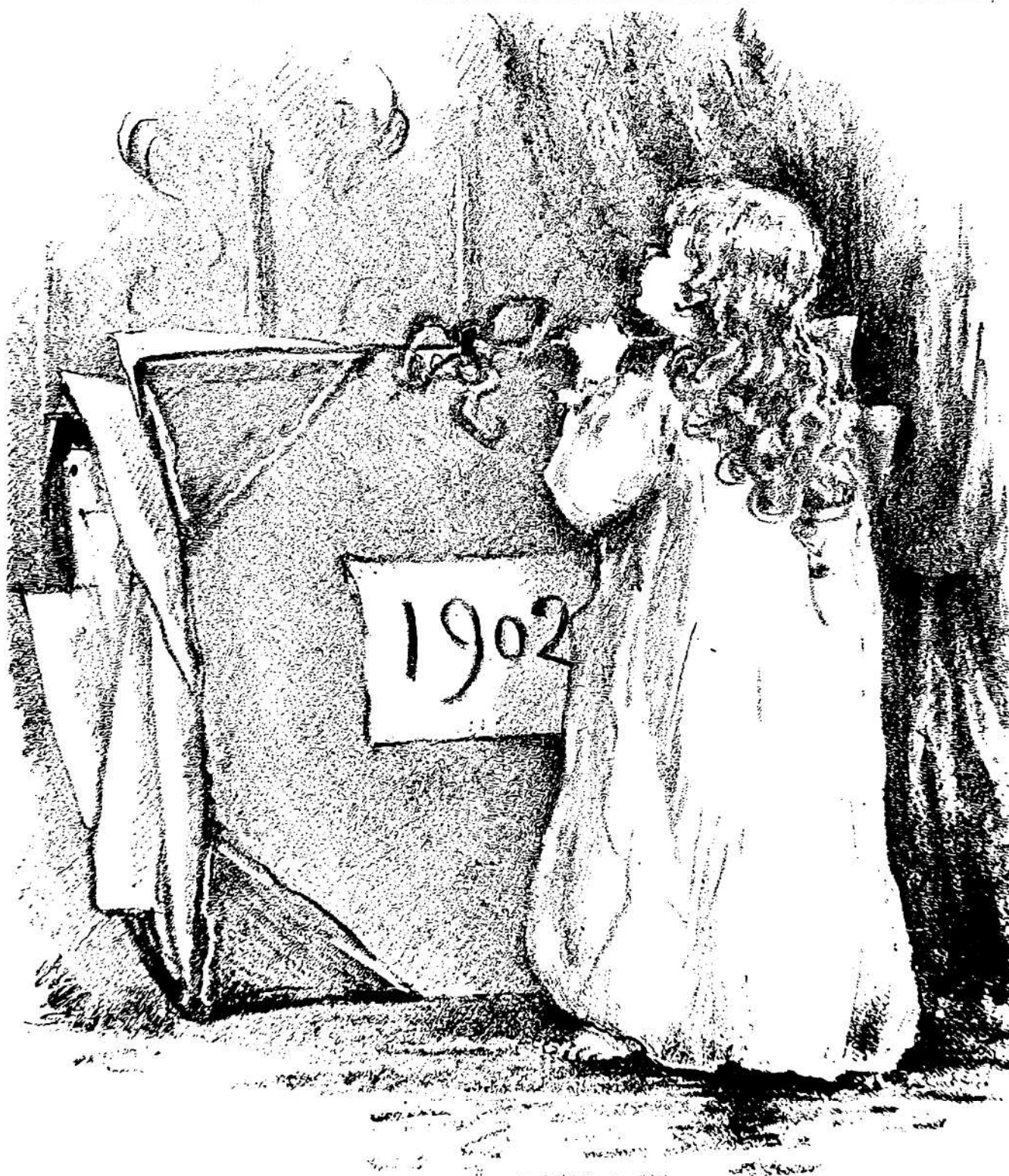
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. I.



"I wonder what's in it?"

"Just what you'll put in it!"

Vol. XIV., for 1901, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The "Morning Watch" for 1899, being Vol. XII., may still be had. Price, including postage, One Shilling and Threepence.

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*In My Father's house are many mansions;
if it were not so, I would have told you.
John 14, 1.*

TWO hundred and seventy-one years ago, at a critical time in European history, the Viscount Doncaster was sent at the head of an English embassy to interview some of the chief rulers and statesmen on the Continent. One of those whom he most wished to see was Frederick I., Elector Palatine. When he came to Heidelberg, where the Elector lived, he found he had gone some time before to a Congress of Princes at Heilbronn, about five-and-thirty miles off. The Electress Elizabeth, however, met him and bade him welcome, and told him that her husband would soon be back, and that meantime he and all his suite, that is, his companions and attendants, were to come and stay with her at the Castle.

"No, Madam," said the Ambassador, "it is impossible for me to take advantage of the hospitality of an absent Prince."

"But," said the Electress, "it was my husband's wish and expectation that, whenever you came, you should lodge from the very first at his cost and in his Palace."

"Madam," he answered, "I am profoundly grateful to you, but I may not be your guest in the Prince's

absence, and I have sent to order a lodging for myself, and those who are with me, elsewhere."

So the Ambassador and his suite hired rooms for themselves in the city. But the Electress cleverly and merrily out-manœuvred him, for she issued a Proclamation forbidding all marketmen of Heidelberg to supply any of the necessities of life to any member of the Embassy from England. Lord Doncaster was thus starved into submission and forced to come and occupy the magnificent apartments that had been prepared for him in the Castle, and there he stayed till the Elector came.

God deals with you and me as that great lady did with the surly English lord. He has a place prepared for us, and a feast of good things, for every day of our life. But we will not come unto Him. We prefer our own way. We forsake the fountain of life, and hew out cisterns to ourselves, but God in His love to us empties them, and breaks them, so that they can hold no water. He blocks our road, and sends us trials and disappointments, and hedges us in, and turns us back, and we suffer hunger, and no man gives to us. And then we come to ourselves, and say, "How many hired servants of my Father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight." And when we say that, He and we begin to be merry indeed.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from Vol. XIV., page 136.)

What
is thy
name?

Eu-
phemia.

EUPHEMIA, or EPPIE, MACLAREN was the name of the woman in a great scene in Mr. Barrie's *The Little Minister*, whom Elspeth Proctor "was ashamed to see looking up the order o' the Books at the beginning o' the Bible" when Mr. Dishart said, "You will find my text in the eighth chapter of the Book of Ezra," for "Ezra is an unca ill book to find; and so is Ruth." But Tibbie Birse was even more brazen, according to the postman, "for the sly cuttie opened at Kings," and pretended she had found the place.

Flora.

"WHO that has imagination and a heart can fail to be moved by the Catacombs at Rome? Those narrow, tortuous passages, whole furlongs of them, and on either side rising tier above tier, the *loculi*, or little compartments, containing each a body, or what is left of it, of some early professor of our faith, shut in behind three or four rough tiles. On some there is a symbol, on some an epitaph daubed in various-coloured paint, on some a name. I noted one particularly—FLORA. Who was the girl Flora, I wonder, and what part did she play in that huge and blessed tragedy, what humble, quite forgotten part? What a life also must these poor Christians have led who crowded into those darksome burrows, to worship while they lived and to sleep when life had left them, often enough by the fangs of a wild beast, the sword of the gladiator, or the torment of the tarred skin and the slowly burning fire. Truly these were faithful unto death, and, as we are taught and hope, their reward is not lacking." *"A Winter Pilgrimage," by H. Rider Haggard.*

FLORA is such a pretty name, for it has to do with *Flowers*, and the instance of it just given is so honourable, that I am sure no girl will be angry if the only other bearer of the name that I refer to is a dog, for even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. The first day the late Robert Louis Stevenson went to an office in Edinburgh he passed a boy on the road who was crying "Flory! Flory!" to his dog. That was one of the things he remembered as long as he lived. For there are solemn days in the life of every one of us—our first day at school, or at our trade, our first funeral, or the day when a great sorrow comes on us,—days on which we have special need to pray, days that God wishes us never to forget, and when they come our minds and our senses seem unusually alert and acute, and we notice things that at other times would pass unheeded.

Florence

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the daughter of a Hampshire landed gentleman, was born in May, 1839, at Florence in Italy; hence her name. It is to her more than to any other person that we owe the tremendous change of view in modern times as to the nature and nobleness and dignity of the work and calling of hospital nurses. What she did for the British soldiers in the Crimea during the terrible winter of 1854-55 is now matter of history. When military

What
is thy
name?

Florence

and medical men at the front and the War Office authorities at home had landed themselves, through their sloth and love of use and wont, either in apathy or despair, and the nation was at its wits' end with anger, she, a mere girl of five-and-twenty, came "like a new power to the State." From the hour of her arrival in the Crimea on the eve of the battle of Inkerman things began to mend. She and her little band of trained nurses had at one time the oversight of 10,000 sick and wounded men. Many a time she stood on her feet the round of the clock, and worked amid the most appalling scenes. Even when prostrated with fever, she refused to quit her post. And from these now far-off winter days till the present hour—for happily she is still living—she has done what she could, and what she alone could, for the improvement of the sanitary conditions not only of Army Hospitals but all other Hospitals and Infirmaries as well.

Mr. Kinglake, the historian, thus describes her: "She was of slender, delicate form, engaging, highly-bred, and in council a rapt careful listener, so long as others were speaking, and strongly, though gently persuasive whenever speaking herself. . . . She had a keen discrimination which enabled her to judge at the instant whether any of the words addressed to her should be treasured, or set at nought. . . . The gift, however originating, without which she never could have achieved what she did, was her faculty of conquering dominion over the minds of men; and this, after all, was the force which lifted her from out of the ranks of those who are only 'able' to the height reached by those who are 'great.'" Let me specially commend to all girls who read this the sentence, "a rapt careful listener so long as others were speaking."

Now hear what Miss Nightingale wrote about herself a few years ago, when she refused to be interviewed by an American journalist: "I could not give you information about my own life, though if I could it would be to show you how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God by strange and unaccustomed paths to do in His service what He did in hers. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all and I nothing. I have worked hard, that is all. I have no peculiar gifts, and I can honestly assure any young lady if she will but try to walk, she will soon be able to run the appointed course. But then she must first learn to walk, and when she runs she must run with patience."

Compare with her another FLORENCE, who, had she been faithful in a few things, might have won more than fame as Thomas Carlyle's servant and friend. Here is the story of her rise and fall, as given in three of Mrs. Carlyle's letters. "Nov. 21, 1862.—Maria, the maid, has departed this scene, and little Flo has entered upon it; not a little dog as you might fancy from the name, but a remarkably intelligent, well-conditioned girl between fourteen and fifteen. Her name, Florence, is too long and too romantic for household use! She is so quick at learning that training her is next to no trouble.

"Dec. 25—The little girl is extremely intelligent, and active, and willing; is a great favourite with her master, and has never required a cross word from me the six weeks or so she has been in the house."

"Feb. 26, 1863.—You would hear of my incomparable small housemaid having turned out an incomparable small demon."



"A Good New Year to you."

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

4th SERIES.

No. 1.—*The Boy with the loose boot-lace.*

WHEN Peter Sanderson puts off his boots at night, he leaves one of them on a chair and the other on the floor lying on its side with the toe pointing south-east-by-south. When he puts them on in the morning, after being told at least half-a-dozen times, he first puts on one—which, of course, is what everybody has to do—but then he walks up and down the floor for ten minutes, looking for something or other which has dropped out of his pocket. Then he puts the lace through one or two holes with great difficulty, for the little brass end was trodden off yesterday, and after that he goes and looks out at the window. Then, after his mother and he have searched for the other boot, which, meantime, has managed somehow to get under a chest of drawers, he puts *it* on without lacing it at all. On his way to School, after tripping himself two or three times, he gives the lace a turn round his ankle and fastens it after a fashion. When he plays he keeps the game back, while the other boys jeer at him and say, "Peter Sanderson's always tying his boots."

Peter, I fear, will go through life that way, untidy, slovenly, thoughtless, off-putting, selfish, ungirt, and always unready. Or worse still, he may become a minor poet, and—not know it! And if ever he has a house of his own, it will be

known perhaps as the "house of him that hath his shoe loose."

A gentleman, they say, may wear any kind of hat—which of course is not the same thing as any *shape* of hat—but he is always carefully and accurately shod. A perfectly-dressed man is, of course, perfectly dressed from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. But even he will bestow one thought extra upon his foot-gear. At least so say Frenchmen, and they are supposed to know. It is only when his valet has seen his stockings and shoes done to a nicety, when in their phrase he has *achevé de le chausser*, that his friends consider his toilet accomplished and himself fit to face the world.

A busy man will always see to it for his work's sake that his laces are in good order. It is when we are in haste, and have only three minutes in which to catch a train, that they most often break. A wise man will not suffer himself to be caught that way. He renews them in time, just as in the British navy every rope, no matter how strong, is replaced by a new one once a year.

It is a singular thing that we know very much more about our Saviour's clothes than we do about any man's in the Bible—from the swaddling-bands His mother wrapped Him in at His birth to the grave-clothes that Joseph and Nicodemus put on Him. You will remember that John the Baptist, who "looked upon Him as He walked," speaks of His shoe-latchet, and though the phrase was no doubt a proverbial one—"Whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to stoop



down and unloose"—yet we may be sure that even in that, as in all other things, our Lord did not only well but perfectly.

There is a kind of knot that never comes loose till you wish it, and never gets into a tangle. Get some

one to teach you how to make it, while you are young. Three little girls tried to teach me how to do it two summers ago, but, whether it was that I had too many masters or they too dull a pupil, alas! I have not achieved it yet!



And the Angel of the Lord said, Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and eat not any unclean thing.—Judges 13, 4.

LAST Spring some young folks, on a walking tour in Perthshire, were refreshing themselves with chocolates of different kinds. Presently they passed a horse with a heavily laden cart, standing resting. One of the party, wishing the horse in some measure, as was only right, to share their happiness, gave it a chocolate, which the horse, to use the language of Tertullus the orator, accepted with all thankfulness. Now it seems that amongst the resources of civilisation in these last times there are chocolates with pieces of raw ginger in them. Getting one of these by chance, the horse, deceived by the momentary sweetness, crunched it up in all innocence, and then, finding out its mistake, with much spluttering tossed it indignantly out of its mouth. That was the first thing it did, and the second was this. It lifted up its head and opened its mouth wide, as wide as it could, to let the cold air cool its tongue. And there and

thus it stood as long as my friends were in sight, and the remembrance of those uplifted gaping jaws makes them laugh to this day.

The history of that horse since then I do not know, but I am pretty sure that for many a day to come it will mistrust all merry-makers on the road, and fear Greenockians especially, even when they bring gifts.

If that horse had been a man, or a boy, it would have frequented railway stations, and spent its own or its parents' hard-earned pennies at automatic machines, and practised chewing ginger till it could neither go to kirk nor market without a full day's supply. But the instinct of the horse is sometimes wiser than the reason of men, and you must take a lesson from it. Give no place to anything that is bad, either in your heart or in your mouth, no, not for a moment.

A hundred years ago and more, an English lady, travelling in Scotland, was amazed and horrified one day to see a woman give a little child that was trotting by her side

some whisky to drink, and was even more amazed and horrified to see the little creature take it.

"My dear child," she cried out, "doesn't it *bite* you?" "Ay," was the answer, "*but I like the bite.*"

That is the most fearful result as well as punishment of drinking and every other kind of sin—we get to like it, and the more it stings and bites us, the less we can do without it. Our torments do in time become our elements. Therefore, touch not any unclean thing, and if it touches you, or if you touch it unwittingly, fling it instantly away. If we hide sin under our tongue, and spare it, and forsake it not, but keep it still within our mouth, then, says Thomas Fuller, "sin thus rolled becomes so soft and supple, and the throat is so short and slippery a passage, that insensibly it may slide down from the throat into the stomach, and contemplative wantonness quickly turns into practical uncleanness."

Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
Keep of my lips the door,
My heart incline Thou not unto
The ills I should abhor,

To practise wicked works with men
That work iniquity;
And with their delicacies my taste
Let me not satisfy.



The highways were unoccupied.—Judges 5, 6.

AT a meeting in Glasgow, one day last summer, there were three men talking in the seat behind me. Said the first: "I'm a stranger in Glasgow, and I have to go to Paisley to-night. I suppose there's no difficulty about trains? Is it quite easy to get there?"

"Quite easy," said the second,

"I'm sure there are twenty or thirty trains to it and from it every day."

"Twenty or thirty?" said the third. "Eighty or ninety is nearer the figure."

"Come now," said the second, "exaggerating as usual! Eighty or ninety is too much."

"Ah, well," was the answer, "I'll take twenty off; but I'm sure there are sixty anyway."

"All right," said Number Two, "we'll see."

So they turned to a man beside them and asked if he had a Murray's Monthly Diary. "It's to see about trains to Paisley for a gentleman here who is a stranger."

"Here you are," said a man sitting beyond him, "only don't look at any of my notes or private memoranda in it!"

"No fear," was the laughing answer, "we have enough money difficulties and threatened law-pleas of our own without burdening ourselves with other people's!"

"Now, turn up Paisley," said Number Three. "There you are; 'Paisley. Leave Central;' one, two, three, forty-three, to begin with. Now, 'Leave St Enoch's'—one, two, three, four, forty-five; that's eighty-eight. I don't think I was so far wrong after all. But, hallo! there's another lot. 'Leave St. Enoch's for Paisley Canal Street'—one, two, forty-seven. Forty-seven and eighty-eight, that's a hundred-and-thirty-five. Who was exaggerating, I would like to know?"

The stranger seemed greatly amused and astonished. "A hundred-and-thirty-five trains to one

place in one day! Why, where I live, we have only two trains each way, one in the morning and one in the evening, and very often scarcely anybody in them. There must be a tremendous coming and going to keep all these running."

"Right you are," said Number Two, who felt that he had his reputation to retrieve and was eager to tell all he knew. "And that's not counting goods trains and ballast trains. There are four sets of rails the whole way, two for passengers and two for goods. And it's wonderful what pride the men take in their own particular company. I was standing talking to a station-master the other night at a place thirty miles from here—he's a man I know very well. I don't remember what we were talking about at the time—but he's a very free man to talk to—when I thought I heard a train coming. 'Is that one coming?' I said to him. 'Yes,' said he, 'it's the 9.30 goods, and two engines to-night. I like fine when I hear two engines.' 'Why?' said I, without thinking."

"'Because,' says he, 'it shows it's a heavy train; big traffic, don't you see?'"

At this point, till the meeting began, the conversation went on to the whole question of railways, their enormous expenditure in the purchase of land, the formation and upkeep of the permanent way, the building of engines and other rolling stock, the meeting of claims for all kinds of real and pretended damage, and so on, and the need of corresponding traffic to keep it all up.

On my way home that night—I think it was the shining of the rails and the sleepers in the moonlight at a part of the road where the gradient is very heavy—Jacob's ladder came into my mind, and I thought of the road between heaven and earth that God had opened up for us by the death of His dear Son; of the cost of it; of the ceaseless traffic there might be between us and the mercy-seat night and day. We have such boldness of access to the throne of grace, if only we would use it; so much need to pray and sing praises both for ourselves and others, for Christ and all mankind; and yet many of us, so to speak, send only one train in the morning and one at night, and hardly anything in them. And how much return traffic there might be from heaven to earth, angels descending as well as ascending! God has so much to give, more than we have room to receive, blessings prepared, and addressed to us, from everlasting, and we don't look for them, and we don't wish them. It is true we get many, but we lose more.

Then again, I thought that there are such things as curses, as well as blessings; and if the highways between God and us are unoccupied by the one, may we not expect the others in their stead?

Therefore pray at evening, and at morning, and at noon, without ceasing, and praise His name for ever and ever.

Lord, Thou shalt early hear my voice :
I early will direct
My prayer to Thee ; and, looking up,
An answer will expect.



A Water-Rat.

1	W	THE LORD BLESS THEE, AND KEEP THEE.— <i>Numb. 6, 24.</i> “I have bespoke you a New Year’s gift, that is, a Good New Year, for I have offered your name with my soul heartily to God, in my morning’s sacrifice of prayer.”— <i>(Dr) John Donne to Sir Thomas Roe, 31st Dec., 1607.</i>
2	TH	The LORD give thee wisdom and understanding.— <i>1 Chron. 22, 12.</i>
3	F	He shall cover thee with His feathers.— <i>Ps. 91, 4.</i>
4	S	The Lord will give grace and glory.— <i>Ps. 84, 11.</i>
5	S	Jesus said unto her, What wilt thou?— <i>Matt. 20, 21.</i> “Lord Arthur Hervey told a story of a little girl at George IV.’s Children’s Ball, who, being asked what she would like to have, replied—“I should like to have too much.”— <i>A. J. C. Hare’s Story of My Life.</i>
6	M	God loveth a cheerful giver.— <i>2 Cor. 9, 7.</i> And therefore
7	TU	God giveth to all liberally.— <i>Jas. 1, 5.</i> For He Himself does all that He asks us to do.
8	W	Thou openest Thine hand.— <i>Ps. 145, 16.</i> And this is what He gives—
9	TH	Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over.— <i>Luke 6, 38</i>
10	F	Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.— <i>Eph. 3, 20.</i>
11	S	A blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.— <i>Mal. 3, 10.</i>
12	S	He remembered us in our low estate.— <i>Ps. 136, 27.</i>
13	M	Look to the hole of the pit whence ye were digged.— <i>Is. 51, 1.</i>
14	TU	A Syrian ready to perish was my father.— <i>Deut. 26, 5.</i>
15	W	Pride and arrogancy do I hate.— <i>Prov. 8, 13.</i>
16	TH	I am against thee, O thou proud one, saith the Lord of hosts.— <i>Jer. 50, 31. (R. V.)</i>
17	F	The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory.— <i>Is. 23, 9.</i> The wife of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, brother of Napoleon, was a Miss Elizabeth Patterson. She used to write to her father, a Baltimore merchant, about all her greatness. His answer always began, “My dear Betsy.”
18	S	For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory.— <i>Matt. 6, 13.</i>
19	S	Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son.
20	M	We have fellowship one with another.— <i>1 John 1, 3-7.</i>
21	TU	Let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works.— <i>Heb. 10, 24.</i> “Nothing seemed to cheer melancholy members of the ship’s company in the long darkness more than being consulted and being asked to give information.”— <i>Borchgrevink’s British Antarctic Expedition.</i>
22	W	In honour preferring one another.— <i>Rom. 12, 10.</i>
23	TH	Ready to distribute, willing to communicate.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 18.</i>
24	F	The liberal soul shall be made fat.— <i>Prov. 11, 25.</i>
25	S	Jesus Himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.— <i>Acts 20, 35.</i>
26	S	I am God, the God of thy father.— <i>Gen. 46, 3.</i>
27	M	My father taught me also.— <i>Prov. 4, 4.</i> “My father was a man of great tenderness and simplicity. I was constantly asking him questions, to which the ordinary reply was, ‘I do not know, but I will try to find out.’” — <i>J. R. Green, the Historian.</i>
28	TU	Get wisdom, get understanding.
29	W	Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister;
30	TH	And call understanding thy kinswoman.— <i>Prov. 7, 4.</i>
31	F	They found Jesus asking the doctors questions.— <i>Luke 2, 46.</i>

February, 1902.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 2.



"He's Daft!"

The "Morning Watch" for 1899, being Vol. XII., may still be had. Price, including postage, One Shilling and Threepence.

All the other volumes are now out of Print.

Vol. XIV. for 1901, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. Richard Hyslop was a man of great capacity and of proved courage. He was the Commodore Engineer of one of our great Atlantic Steamship Lines, that is to say, he was the man who, if he chose, got the charge of the engines of the newest and best boat the Company owned. He was, of course, a great player at draughts, a teetotaler, and a man of high character every way. And he lived in constant communion with the Most High. He was one of those Scotch Engineers—would there were more of them!—who as he went about his work could say,

From coupler-flange to spindle-guide,

I see Thy hand, O God—

Predestination in the stride

O' yon connectin'-rod.

In his old age he used to pay a visit every few months to his native village, with some pound notes in his pockets for widows and other helpless bodies who might find it a little difficult to pay their rents. On one of these days, remembering what he himself had seen a stranger do when he was a boy, he made up his mind to go to the public school, and if the master approved, to offer a shilling for competition there and then in mental arithmetic, and another for the best mathematician, and a third for the best 'Latiner.' When he reached the playground

he watched the boys through the railings playing at "bools," or marbles as they are called in books. He had been a good player himself, sixty years ago. But this was a new kind of game. He thought at first of telling them the way the boys in his time played, but remembering that young folks don't like old people to interfere in their games, he wisely said nothing. But as he looked at them, his heart went out to them, and up to God on their behalf, that He would make them a comfort to their parents, and an honour to their village and their country, and a joy to Christ. Ere he knew it he had closed his eyes. But when God and the Angels were saying, "Behold, he prayeth!" the three boys had burst out laughing, and what they said was, "He's daft!" But all the girls in the school, including the three who won the three shillings that afternoon, said, "He was such a nice-looking, handsome, dear old man!"



"THERE are only two Lunatic Asylums in Greece. Drunkenness is almost unknown, and this is no doubt one of the reasons why insanity is so rare."—*Sir Richard Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge University.*



DR. FRANCIS GODWIN of Hereford, who died in 1633, left instructions in his will that this was to be his epitaph; it is a play upon his name:

FRANCIS GODWIN.

WIN GOD; WIN ALL.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.**A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECC. 7, 1.***(Continued from page 5.)*What
is thy
name?

Frances

FRANCES means "free."

Edward, second Earl of Hertford, known also as the second Duke of Somerset, one of the richest men in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, married as his third wife FRANCES, daughter of a Lord Howard. She had been married previously to a Mr. Henry Pranel, a vintner or wine-seller. When she was entertaining company she was fond of talking about her two grandfathers, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Buckingham, and how the one did this and the other did that, and then her husband would call out, "Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wast married to Pranel?" which, says an old chronicler, "would damp the wings of her spirit."

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF SOMERSET, was so little respected that when the first Duke of Bedford proposed to marry her only daughter Anne, his father said to him, "I am willing you should choose a wife out of any other family in the kingdom but that." All the same, as might have been expected, the marriage took place, partly through the influence of Charles II. The bridegroom demanded a dowry with her of £13,000, which her father paid, selling his house at Chiswick, his plate, jewels, and furniture to do so, saying that as his daughter had made up her mind to marry, he would rather undo himself than make her unhappy. The marriage, in spite of all, turned out well. One of their children was the patriot, Lord William Russell, who was beheaded in 1683.

The Duchess Anne, it is said, never knew what kind of mother she had had till she read the story of her life in a pamphlet which she picked up on a window sill. She was found lying senseless with the book open before her. It is one of the saddest things one knows, that if a child's father or mother has been bad, let that child go where it may, sooner or later the parent's reproach will be cast in its teeth, and, alas! that one should have to say so, most often by a woman.

FRANCES ANNE, VISCOUNTESS VANE, 1713-1788, had for her first husband a son of the Duke of Hamilton. They were both poor, and were called by Queen Caroline "the handsome beggars." Her second husband, a man of great uprightness, Viscount Vane, great-grandson of Sir Harry Vane of Cromwell's time, was much tried by her. She was one of the finest dancers and most extravagant women in England. She preferred to live in lodgings by herself, and her furniture time after time had to be sold to pay her gambling debts. Her conduct so injured her health that her last twenty years were spent in bed. It was with reference to a like-minded relative of hers that Dr. Johnson wrote the line—"Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring."

What
is thy
name?
—Frances

LADY FRANCES STUART, 1648-1702, first Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, was one of the ungodly companions of Charles II. It was said of her that it was hardly possible for a woman to have more beauty or less wit. The figure of Britannia on our ha'pennies and pennies, seated by the shore, trident in hand, is reputed to be her portrait. At her death she bequeathed the estate of Lethington, near Haddington, to her nephew, Lord Blantyre, with the request that it might be named "Lennox-love-to-Blantyre," and Lennoxlove it is called to this day. She left annuities also to some of her lady friends on condition that they took care of some of her cats.

Henry Purcell, 1658-1695, organist of Westminster Abbey—where he lies buried—one of the greatest of English musicians, died of a cold caught, some said, by his having to stand outside his own door one night, his wife FRANCES for some reason or other refusing for a time to let him in. Much of the music used at Coronations was written by him, as were also some of our Psalm tunes, such as Colchester, Stroudwater, and St. Thomas.

None of the Fannies I have mentioned were either to be envied or admired. It is time I should tell you of some good ones.

AUGUSTA FRANCES, daughter of Dean Milman, died 20th January, 1839, at the age of 8, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. I meant to speak of her amongst the Augusta's two years ago, but I forgot. I am glad that her second name gives me an opportunity now of correcting my mistake. This is the epitaph her father wrote :

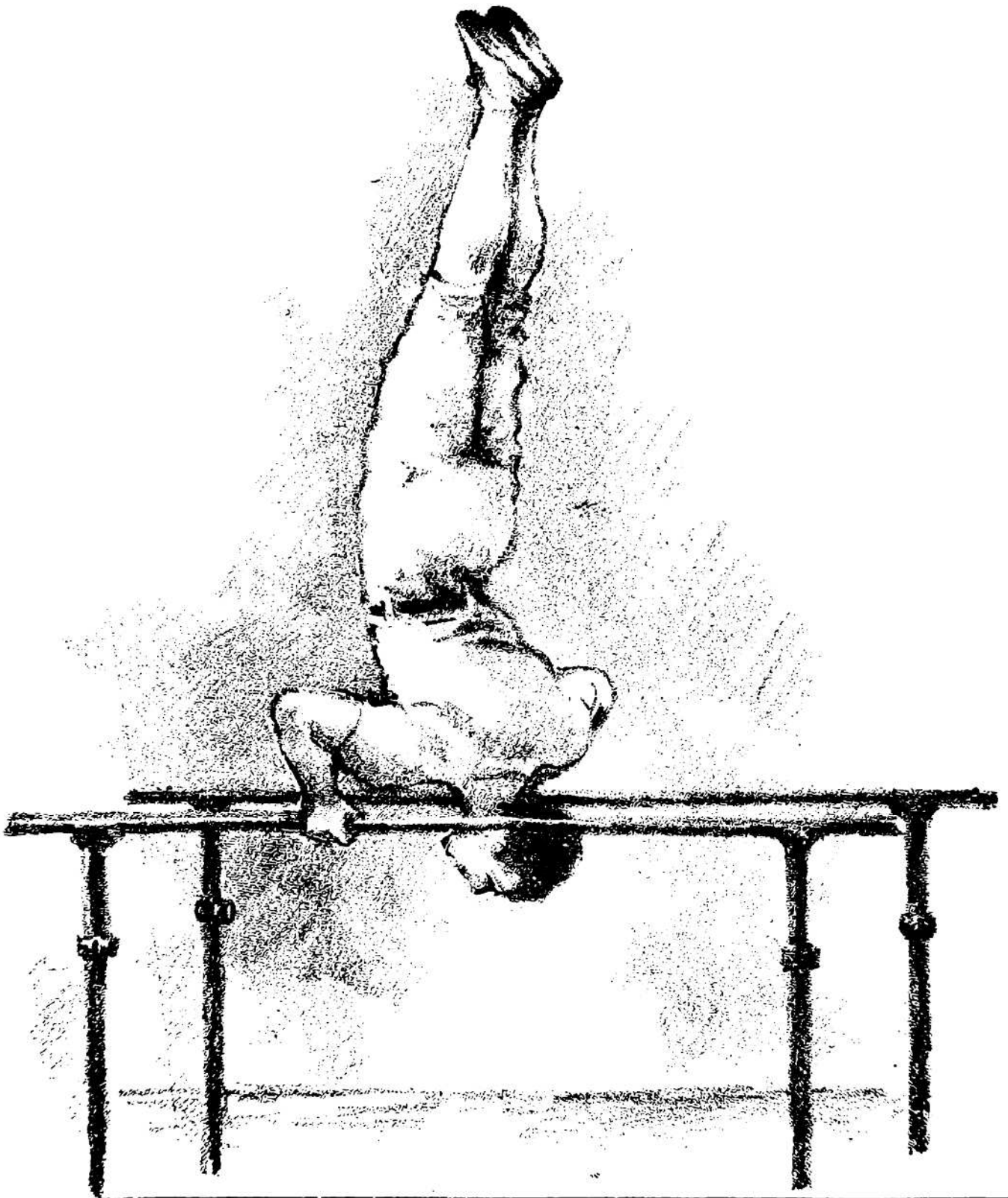
My child ! my child ! among the great and wise
Thou'st had thy peaceful solemn obsequies.
Seem'st thou misplaced in that fair company ?
Heaven's kingdom is made up of such as thee !

The last words of FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1872, the poetess and hymn writer, were, "There, now, it is all over ! Blessed rest !" Then she tried to sing ; but after one sweet high note, "HE —," her voice failed, and she passed away. Her father, an English Church minister, wrote many Psalm tunes, one of them being Evan.

Miss Havergal suffered long from ill-health, but was so patient, so thankful, so considerate, that when it seemed needful to get a nurse, the servants pleaded to be allowed to sit up with her in turn. To one of them, FANNY HOLLOWAY, she gave a Bible, adding after the inscription the word "INASMUCH," Matt. 25, 50. She had another friend named FANNY BICKERSTETH, whose last words were, "Nice, nice, nice indeed !"

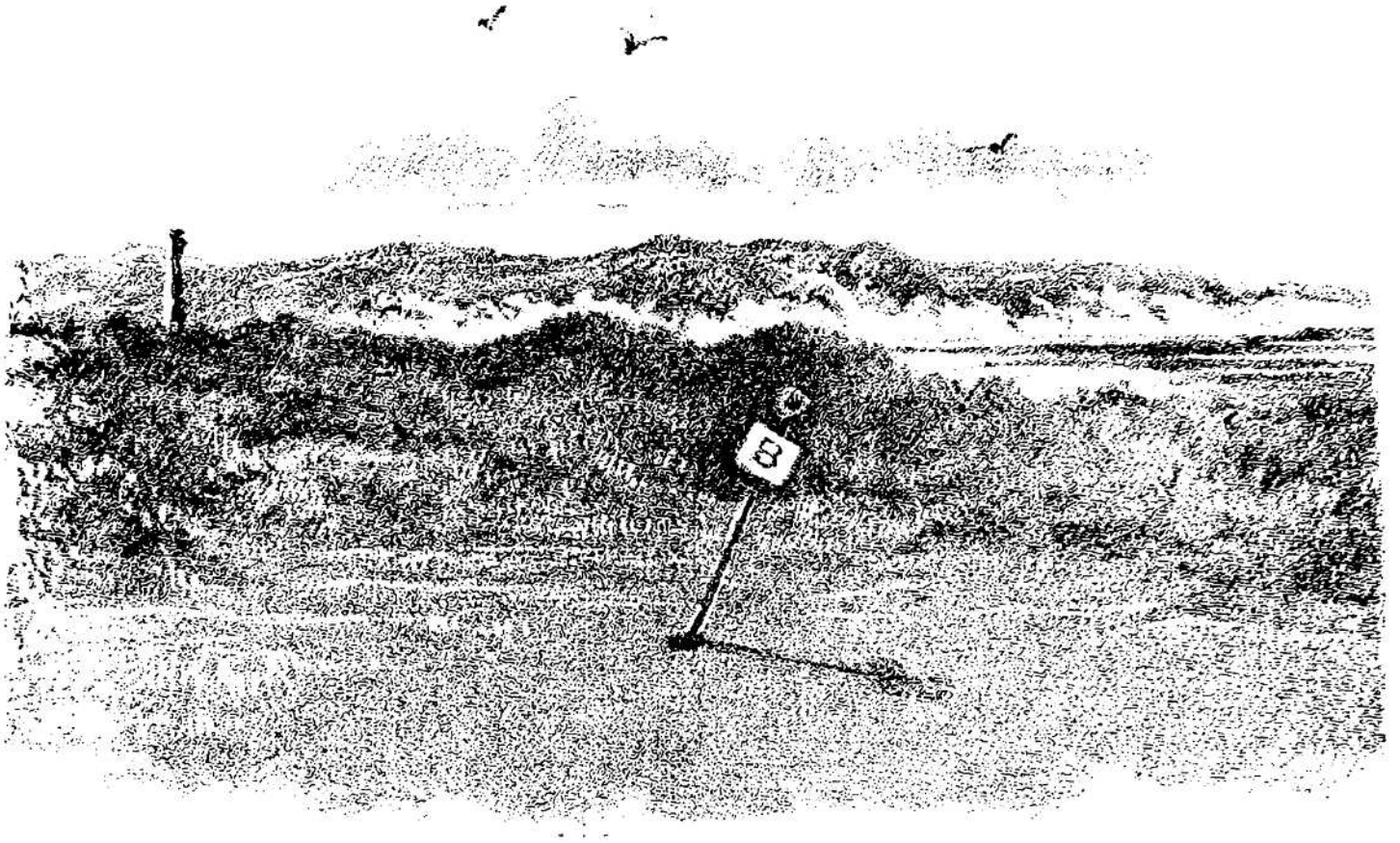
Miss Havergal wrote some rhymes on her name, the first verse of which may interest some of you. Only I hope you will not misunderstand the word "baptismal," or imagine that baptism simply means giving a child its name.

"From childish days I never heard
My own baptismal name ;
Too small, too slight, too full of glee
Aught else but little Fan to be,
The stately Frances not in me
Could any fitness claim."



Reasons for not going to Church. 4th Series—No. 1.

This lad, who spends every spare hour he has in a gymnasium, does not go to Church because, he says, he is "on his feet" all day six days in the week.



Ballade of The Old Golfer.

*When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself,
and walkedst whither thou wouldst.—
John 21, 18.*

Golfers ! a word with you, I pray,
Whether you love a match or score,
Whether your hair be brown or grey,
Holing in five—or several more,
Whether your tee shots hop or soar :
This is the burden of my lay,
Here is the wisdom you must store—
The holes grow longer every day.
Slash while you can ! Another day
You will not drive as heretofore.
Gobble the tin ! Perchance it may
Not always seem a broad barndoor ;

You may be glad to drive in four
Where two have carried all the way.

Listen unto an old man's lore—

The holes grow longer every day.

'The waves will thunder in the bay

But change no pebble on the shore,

The turf be crisp, the thyme be gay,

All as they were in days of yore ;

But frost shall touch thy head with hoar,

No "crack" shall charm thy ball away,

Thou canst not frighten Time with "Fore!"

The holes grow longer every day.

Envoi.

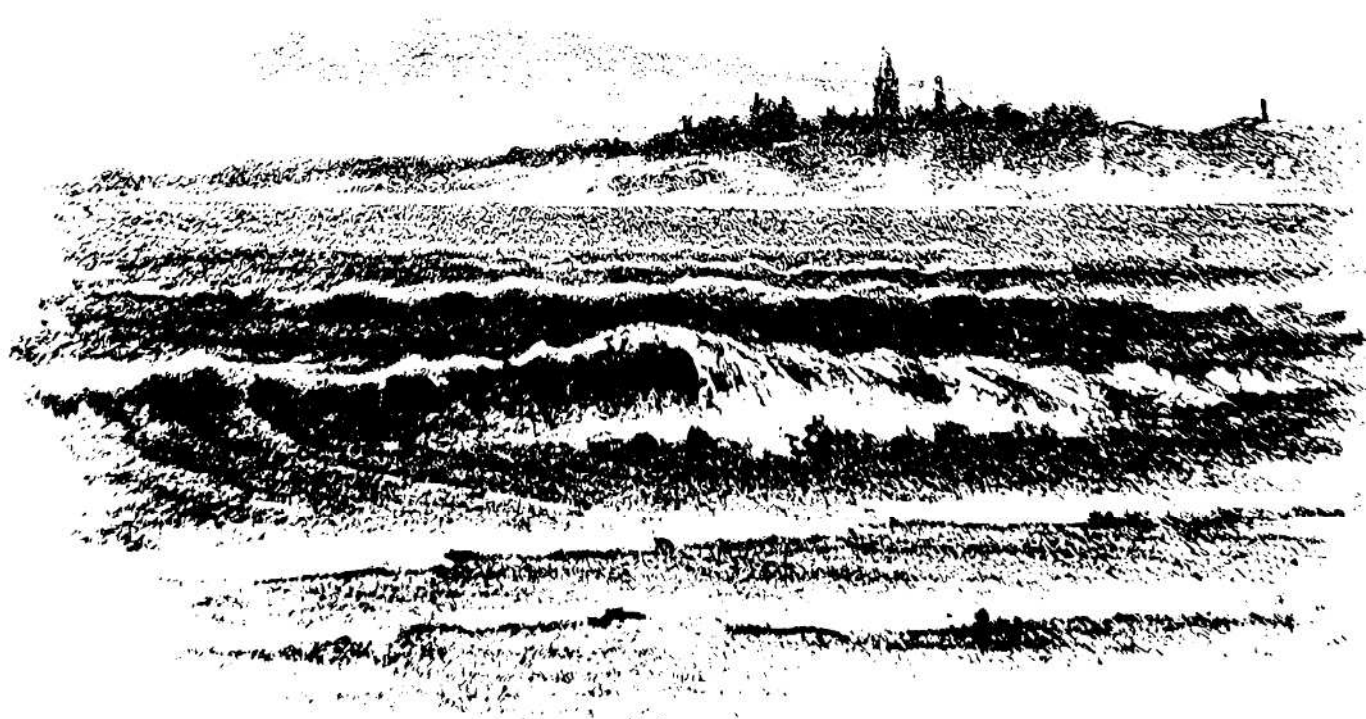
Prince, let the old their threats outpour !

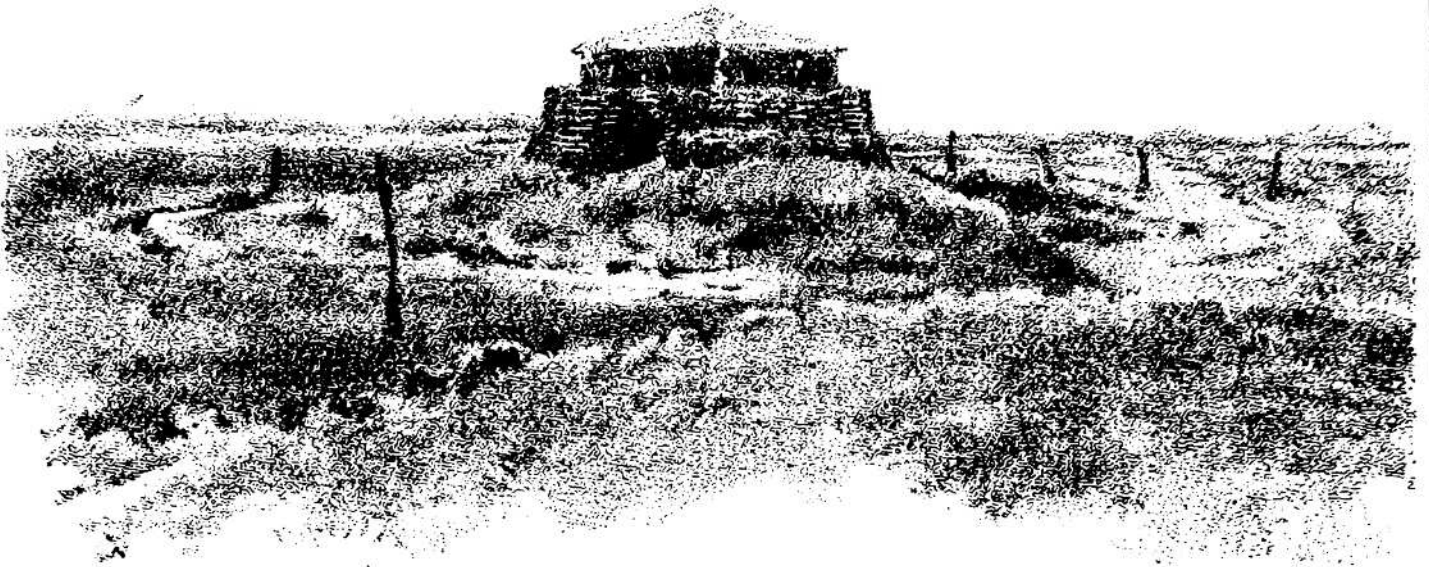
We have no memory—while we play.

We'll hole again in three—before

The holes grow longer every day.

L. F.





Town Guard Blockhouse at Klerksdorp, Western Transvaal.

WHEN General Sir Arthur Cotton of the Royal Engineers, one of the greatest benefactors that England has given India, was a young subaltern in Burma, he was invited to dinner by an officer. After dinner cards were produced and the lad was asked to play. He had often played at his father's house in Cheshire, though never for money, but as he was young, and the officer was a man of high standing, he took the invitation as a command, and played. When he rose from the table he had lost twenty pounds. His pay, of course, was very small, but he happened to have in his possession at the time that exact sum in banknotes, sent to him by his father in a letter to buy some things he needed. For a moment or two, says his daughter, Lady Hope of Carriden, he could

hardly realize the fact that every penny of his money had now to be handed over to his superior; but so it was. It was a bitter trial to him, but he had learned his lesson, and vowed that from that hour he would never play cards again. That resolution he kept to his dying day. He could not bear the sight of cards in his house, and never allowed his children to play with them.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. For their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood. So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain.



*I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind:
I am like a broken vessel.*—Ps. 31, 12.

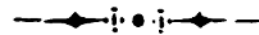
THE Right Hon. Edmund Hammond, afterwards Lord Hammond, who died in 1890 at the age of eighty-eight, was for many

years the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was supposed to know more about Continental politics than any other man in our country. Yet he will be remembered in history chiefly for his words to Lord Granville, when that nobleman succeeded Lord Clarendon at the Foreign Office in 1870. "Never," said he on the 27th June, "never has the world been so profoundly at peace, or the diplomatic atmosphere so serene." Eighteen days after, on the 15th July, the Franco-Prussian war broke out, the greatest of modern times.

Mr. Hammond retired in 1873, on completing his fiftieth year of service. Less than one month after that, he came one day to the Foreign Office, and, entering the Turkish Department, asked a clerk who was writing at a desk, when the next Queen's messenger would set out for Constantinople. The young diplomatist, who had only been appointed a few days and was full of a sense of his responsibility, gazed at him for a little and then said, "I don't know that I am justified in telling you. Who are you, Sir?"

Mr. Hammond felt the question as though it had been a cruel blow, and leaving the room without another word stepped into the Library, and going up to Sir Edward Hertslet, the Keeper of the Archives, who tells the story in his *Reminiscences*, said to him, "Would you have believed it possible that before I had left this Office one month, a junior clerk should ask me to my face who I was?"

Of course the name "Permanent Secretary" only meant that he was an officer who did not go out of office when there was a change of Government. But even so, how much irony there is in the word Permanent! for death may come at any moment. And if death delays, old age does not; and with old age comes superannuation, and then oblivion. That is another instance of the way man uses words. We not only often take all meaning out of them, but we sometimes put the very opposite meaning into them. When God, on the other hand, takes up a word and uses it, He not only preserves its character, but He enlarges its capacity, and fills it full to overflowing. With us permanent means no more than "for a moment" at the best; with Him it means "for ever and for ever."



The prophecies which went before on thee.—

1 Tim. 1, 18.

"Science is Measurement."

"Time is the stuff that Eternity is made of."

PROFESSOR FLEMING told this story the other week at the Royal Institution, London.

About seventy years ago a Berlin astronomer had three lads at his house one day. After dinner he sent them one after the other to find the time by the Observatory clock at the foot of his garden. The first returned and said it was "just four." The second reported a little later that it was "three minutes past four. But the third was still more exact. He found the time by the clock, then returned

to the house, and went back again to the Observatory to discover how long it took him to walk from the one place to the other. Then, noting the time carefully, he reported to the astronomer, "ten minutes fifteen seconds past four."

The first boy became a Berlin bookseller; the second a professional man; but the third, who died seven years ago, will be remembered for all time as Germany's most distinguished natural philosopher in the nineteenth century—
HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ.



But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4, 19.

A MAN once told me—and as he spoke there was a flush of glory on his face—that he had dined the night before with "two Plantaganets!" One of them, he added, had been in her time a pretty haughty dame. She had once tried to petrify an old Scotch gardener who, having saluted her one morning, as was his duty, the first time she passed him at his work, did not think it necessary to take off his cap every time they met the next half-hour, by saying in her most exalted tone, "Do you not know that I am a Duke's daughter!"

A girl in a little country village, whom I saw on her deathbed, told me that the text in Philippians, quoted above, had long been her favourite one. I had never noticed its beauty before. "Who gave you that one?" I said.

"I got it," was her answer, "from Lady so-and-so"—the once proud woman I have just told you of!

That poor girl had dined with the Plantaganet too, for both of them had supped with Christ.

One of the wonders of this text is that it becomes more and more beautiful as it goes on. "My God shall supply all your need." What more could one wish than that? To add a single syllable would surely only spoil it. Yet does not every phrase that comes after make the passage stronger and grander—"according to His riches"—"in glory"—"by Christ Jesus!" We have the full promise in the first words, "My God," but the added words, and specially the last ones—for they contain the guarantee—give us the promise in its length and breadth and depth and height. God's additions are all multiplications. Man's additions are subtractions and divisions. When God provides, He provides richly; when man provides, as when he says—"provided always"—he leaves us poorer than we were.

I saw an instance of this in an advertisement the other day—"The Safe Deposit Company (Limited)." What could be more firmly bound, one would say, than bonds, or more secure than securities? And yet when one has got them, they are not secure till they are in a safe! But the safe is not safe till it is deposited in the hands of a Company, for two are better than one, and if one prevail against him two shall withstand him, and a three-fold cord is not quickly broken, and in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. But alas! in comes one word at the end that spoils it

all. The Company's liability is *limited*! The fire-engine itself, it seems, as Sydney Smith says, may go on fire. At the end of all our wanderings we are not one whit nearer the promised land. And

why all this ado? Good had it been for us if we had never left Egypt. We have wallowed in the mire only to get out of it on the side at which we came in, the side next the city of Destruction.



Snowdrops.

1	S	John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins.— <i>Matt. 3, 4.</i> "I counted 125 buttons on the breast of a young French cavalry officer one day—on his breast alone. I hope the day is near when good officers will be more plentiful and buttons much scarcer."— <i>Robinson's Fall of Metz.</i>
2	S	Thou madest known unto them Thy holy Sabbath.— <i>Nehem. 9, 14.</i>
3	M	Six days shalt thou labour.— <i>Ex. 20, 9.</i> "What a grand friend Work is!"— <i>J. R. Green.</i>
4	TU	My Father worketh hitherto,
5	W	And I work.— <i>John 5, 17.</i> I must work.— <i>ch. 9, 4.</i>
6	TH	Jesus went about doing good.— <i>Acts 10, 38.</i>
7	F	He saw others standing idle.— <i>Matt. 20, 3.</i> President Garfield said it was a lecture of Emerson's which began his intellectual life, but the only sentence of it he could remember was this—"Mankind is as lazy as it dares to be."
8	S	Not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies.— <i>1 Tim. 5, 13.</i> Doing nothing ends in doing mischief.
9	S	O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face.— <i>Dan. 9, 8.</i>
10	M	To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses.
11	TU	The same servant took one of his fellow-servants by the throat.
12	W	I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst Me.— <i>Matt. 18, 32.</i>
13	TH	Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant?
14	F	Break off thine iniquities by shewing mercy.— <i>Dan. 4, 27.</i>
15	S	The honourable name by which ye are called.— <i>James 2, 7 (R.V.)</i> "Yes, Ma'am," said a groom to a lady, "your pony is the cleverest little animal that ever lived; he never forgives nor forgets anything, just like a Christian."— <i>Grant Duff's Diary.</i>
16	S	Whether life or death, all are yours.— <i>1 Cor. 3, 22.</i> "Is life worth living? Yes, if truth be true, Life is worth living, death worth dying, too."
17	M	Signifying by what death he should glorify God.— <i>John 21, 19.</i>
18	TU	Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.— <i>Phil. 1, 20.</i>
19	W	We indeed justly: for we receive the due reward of our deeds.— <i>Luke 23, 41.</i>
20	TH	I have the keys of hell and of death.— <i>Rev. 1, 18.</i>
21	F	Death is swallowed up in victory.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 54.</i>
22	S	To depart and be with Christ.— <i>Phil. 1, 23.</i>
23	S	What is Aaron that ye murmur against him?— <i>Numb. 16, 11.</i>
24	M	What was I, that I could withstand God?— <i>Acts 11, 17.</i>
25	TU	I am less than the least of all saints.— <i>Eph. 3, 8.</i>
26	W	Sinners, of whom I am chief.— <i>1 Tim. 1, 15.</i>
27	TH	I am undone.— <i>Is. 6, 5.</i> William Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament, First Commoner in England, the man who once so nobly defied Charles I., owned himself when dying a great sinner, and asked that on his grave there should be only a plain stone, with these words on it, <i>Vermis Sum, a worm am I.</i>
28	F	Howbeit, I obtained mercy.— <i>1 Tim. 1, 16.</i>

March, 1902.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 3.



"Chaps me the big one when I'm married!"

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In the beginning was the Word.—John I, 1.

DR. Newman Hall, an eminent Independent minister, died at Hampstead, on the 18th of last month, at the age of eighty-six. It is many, many years since I heard him preach in Dr. Beith's church in Stirling one week evening, but I have never forgotten some of the things he said. After reading 1 Cor. 8, and affectionately beseeching us all to be total abstainers, he spoke on Philip's petition in John 14, 8, "Lord, shew us the Father and it sufficeth us," and our Lord's answer, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." When Christ came into the world to die for us, he said, He didn't come to *persuade* God to love us, but to show that God *did* love us. Christ came not to alter or change God's character, but to *reveal* it. He came to show us what God really is. Just as an honest man is known by what he says and does, so God is revealed and made known to us by *His Word*, and that Word is the Person and work of Christ.

Like many young people who have been reading the Bible and hearing sermons from their infancy, I had the idea, I am ashamed to say, that God had no wish to save men, but that, sore against His will, He was compelled to do it by

Christ's offering to die for us, and I thought that even yet, after the work of atonement has been completed, God would be only too well pleased to have an excuse for condemning us. I shall never forget how much I was astonished when the preacher quoted the verse, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," and laid the emphasis on the words *God* and *gave*, and showed us what we should all have seen long before, that the work of redemption was not simply the Work of the Redeemer but of the other Two Persons of the Godhead as well, the work in which They had been engaged with all Their heart, and mind, and strength from all eternity.

I was telling this a few years ago to one of the best known and best beloved of Scotch Professors, and I remember how solemnly he said, "Yes; it is a *great day* to any man when he first sees that *God* is love."

It is interesting to read what Dr. Newman Hall says in his *Autobiography* about his own recollections. "My earliest memory is of sitting on my mother's knee, learning from her to repeat John 3, 16. Of course, I did not understand it. But I did know this, that out of sight was One to Whom my mother prayed—Whom she loved very much and tried to please. I knew what love meant by the love of my mother, and I wished to love my mother's Friend Who also loved me so much. . . . At my mother's bedroom door I often lingered, wondering to hear her speak so earnestly to an Invisible Being.

She would pray for her children by name, and I often longed to be converted — whatever might be meant by it — so as to give her pleasure, because I was sure nothing else would make her so happy."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 16.)

What
is thy
name?

Frances

Colonel James Gardiner, who was killed at the Battle of Prestonpans, 1745, by a blow from a Lochaber axe, was brought to Christ in his 31st year, in 1719, by reading a good book which he had accidentally picked up while waiting for an ungodly companion. His wife was Lady FRANCES ERSKINE, daughter of the Earl of Buchan. They had a daughter whose name occurs in Sir Gilbert Eliot's song :—

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,
Before the first cock's crowing,
When Westland winds shook Stirling's towers
With hollow murmurs blowing,

When FANNY fair, all woe begone,
Sad on her bed was lying,
And from the ruined towers she heard
The boding Screech Owl crying.

"Oh dismal night!" she said, and wept,
"Oh night presaging sorrow!
Oh dismal night!" she said, and wept,
"But more I dread to-morrow."

Again she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading,
"Oh speak!" she cried, "my father's slain,
I see, I see him bleeding."

Colonel Gardiner had a granddaughter, a Miss FANNY INGLIS, who, emigrating to America, became first a teacher in Boston, then wife of the Spanish Ambassador to the United States, and afterwards Governess to the King of Spain.

FRANCES HENDERSON was the wife of George Stephenson, to whom the world owes the whole railway system. She was a farm servant when he first met her. He was but nineteen at the time, and full of happiness at having taught himself to read and write. His wages as engine-brakesman were seventeen shillings a week. To add to them, so that he might marry, he took to mending shoes at nights, an art in which he soon acquired great skill. One of his friends, Dr. Samuel Smiles tells us, used to relate how proud Stephenson was at having been entrusted with the repair of Miss Henderson's shoes. When they were finished, he carried them about in his pocket, and

What
is thy
name?

Frances

taking them out now and again would look lovingly at them and exclaim, "Haven't I made a capital job of them!" She was a modest, kind, sweet-tempered girl, but unhappily did not live to see her husband famous. She died four years after marriage, leaving one little son, George, the builder of the Menai Bridge.

Henry Alford, 1810-1871, Dean of Canterbury, the man who did most to bring about the last revision of the Bible, married his cousin, FANNY ALFORD. On the day of his engagement to her he wrote these words in his Journal: "O Lord God, Who art the God of Love and the guide of all Thy servants, look upon us two who, in reliance upon Thy promise and Thine answer graciously vouchsafed to our prayers, have this day pledged ourselves to each other. May the step which we have taken be in accordance with Thy most holy will, that so we may be united in Thy fear and love unfeigned here below, and may be partakers of the marriage-supper of the Lamb in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." Before their marriage he set her lessons in Greek grammar that they might be able to read the New Testament in the original together. In one of his letters to her in those days he says, "I entreat and conjure you by everything you value, if you have any regard for my temporal and spiritual welfare, to do your utmost to cure me of that sharpness and spirit of opposition which so often shows itself in me. I am conscious very frequently of saying things from the mere desire of opposition." On his grave is this inscription written by himself: DEVERSORIUM VIATORIS HIEROSOLYMA PROFICISCENTIS, the Inn of a Traveller on his way to Jerusalem.

The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.—Psalm 9, 16.

IN Professor Bradley's *Highways and Byways in North Wales* there is a story about a squire who lived near Denbigh in the time of George the Second. He owned some very valuable pieces of silver, besides his ordinary plate. In his old age, when he was no longer able to ride about his farm, he became very nervous, and had a false bottom made to the arm-chair in which he spent most of his time. In it he placed the more precious of his treasures, and so sat upon them all day with much peace of mind. It happened, however, that one of his own people, a labourer, a servant who had been much about the

house and knew of his valuables, though not of his new plan for guarding them, was in London, working as a carpenter. There he fell into bad habits, and became connected with a gang of house-breakers, who extended their operations, when it seemed worth their while, to the furthest limits of the land. The carpenter, remembering his master's wealth, and conceiving that the house, from its isolated position and lack of protection, would be an easy one to raid, proposed the adventure to his confederates.

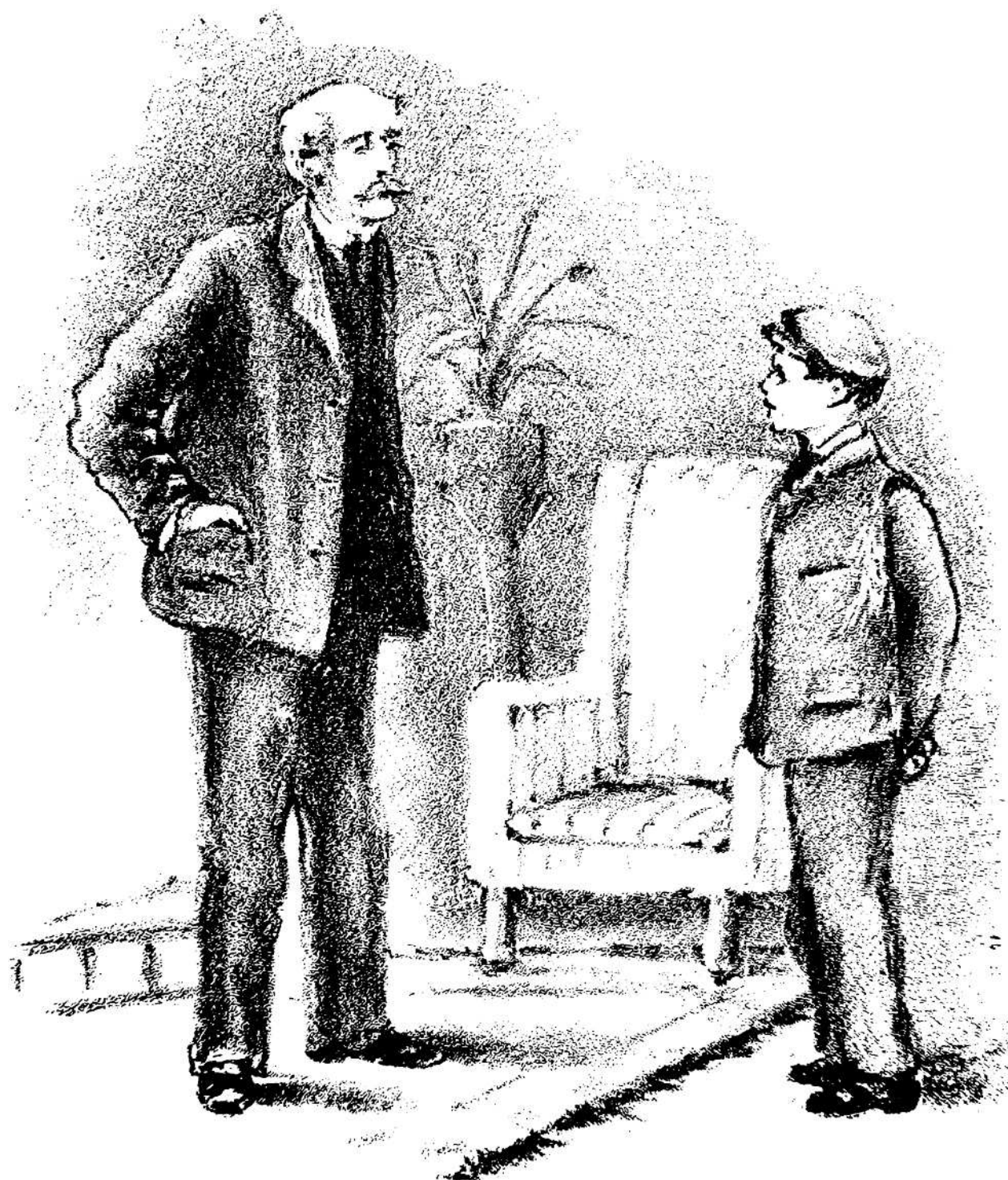
Falling in with his scheme, the robbers chose a Sabbath evening in summer for their job, when the men about the place might be expected

to be away at church. In this calculation they were correct, and tying their horses in the stable-yard, they found everybody away except some women in the kitchen, and the old squire seated on his chair in the dining room. The former they soon terrified into silence with their pistols, but the latter resisted so stoutly that they tied him down to his seat—on the top of his most valuable property in fact, if they had only known it!—and then proceeded to search the house, much, of course, to their disappointment. So true is it that “his own iniquities shall take the wicked, and he shall be holden

with the cords of his sin. He shall die for lack of instruction; and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray.”

Still, they made the best of a bad bargain, filled their saddle bags with such things as they could get, and then set off. But meantime a little child that had escaped their notice had run away to the village church and given the alarm. The robbers, three in number, were pursued, and after a great race all the way to London, were eventually tracked to their lairs, arrested, sent back to Denbigh, tried at the next assizes, sentenced, and then hanged.





Boys that have Something still to Learn.

No. 2.—The Boy that keeps his cap on in a room.

I knew a working-man long ago who loved calling on big people, though what his errands

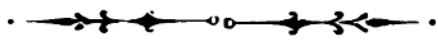
were I could rarely discover. He told me one day he had gone to see Dr. Robert Buchanan of the Free College Church in Glasgow, a man of great dignity and courtesy.

"I was shown into a grand room," he said, "and there was the

Doctor. 'Have I the honour,' I said, 'of addressing the great Doctor Buchanan?' So he smiled and bowed, and I went on with what I had to say, and after a while, says the Doctor to me, 'I see you are a Scotchman,' says he.

'And how does the Rev. Doctor Buchanan know that?' says I.

'Because,' says the Doctor, 'an Englishman would have taken off his hat when he came in.'"



He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.—Ps. 15, 4.

WHEN Birket Foster, the artist, was a young man and little known, he gave a London publisher

a bundle of little water-colour sketches which he had made as preliminary drawings for wood-engravings on which he was engaged. The publisher thanked him and said he hoped some day to have them suitably bound up. Years after, when he had become famous, Foster said in company one day, that these sketches now represented a money-value of some hundreds of pounds, and that he was thinking of asking them back.

"No," said his mother, who was a Quaker lady, "thee mustn't mind that, Birket; thee gave him the drawings, and they are his, no matter what the value of them may be now."

What is thine Occupation?—Jonah 1, 8. A Postman.

(A Bible Class Exercise.)

So the posts went with the letters throughout all Israel and Judah—2 Chron. 30, 6.

Home and Foreign Mail. A letter after this form:
 THE CONTENTS OF HIS BAG. Claudius Lysias unto the most excellent governor Felix, greeting. . . Tidings, my Lord! . .
 Tidings out of the east and out of the north.* . .
 Good news from a far country. . . Letters of commendation.
 . . Orders and Commissions. I received letters and went to Damascus. . . A letter unto Asaph, the keeper of the king's forest, that he may give timber to make beams for the gates of the palace. . . Invitations. Bidden to a feast. . . Come unto the marriage. . . Post Cards and Registered Letters. Evidence of the purchase, that which was sealed according to the law and custom. . . An open letter in his hand. . . Advertisements of Lotteries, Cheap Sales, &c. To call to them that pass by, Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither. . . Invoices and Accounts. Take thy bill. . . Letters from people that are gone. There came a writing to Jehoram from Elijah.

Acts 23, 26
 (R.V.)
 2 Sam. 8, 31.
 Dan. 11, 44.
 Prov. 25, 25.
 2 Cor. 3, 1.
 Acts. 22, 5.
 Luke 14, 8.
 Matt. 22, 4.
 Jer. 32, 11.
 Neh. 6, 5.
 Prov. 9, 15.
 Luke 16, 6.
 2 Chron. 21, 12

* The curious fact has been noted that the letters that make up the word NEWS represent the four points of the Compass—North, East, West, South.

They shall send gifts one to another. . . The
 PARCEL POST. treatise I made. . . Books, parchments. . .
 Carry down the man a present, a little balm, and
 a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds. . . David
 dealt among all the people, both to men and women, to every one
 a cake of bread and a cake of raisins. . . Ahaz saw an altar
 that was at Damascus, and sent to Urijah the priest the fashion
 of the altar, and the pattern of it : so Urijah made it against King
 Ahaz came from Damascus.

They were counted faithful, and their business
 A GOOD POSTMAN. was to distribute. . . The posts went out,
 being hastened and pressed on. . . Run ye
 to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and
 know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man.
 . . Onesiphorus sought me out very diligently, and found me.
 . . *His Courtesy to Strangers.* Tell me, I pray thee, where
 the seer's house is. . . *His Reticence.* He that is of a faithful
 spirit concealeth the matter. . . *His Sympathy.* Rejoice with
 them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. . . When
 ye come into an house, salute it. . . Say unto her, Is it well
 with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?

A message by the hand of a fool. . . As
 A BAD POSTMAN. vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes,
 so is the sluggard to them that send him. . .
 And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to
 house, and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speak-
 ing things which they ought not. . . A talebearer revealeth
 secrets. . . *His Discourtesy.* Where is Abel? And he said,
 I know not. . . I sought him whom my soul loveth : I will
 rise now, and go about the city, in the streets and in the broad-
 ways. The watchmen that go about the city found me ; to whom
 I said, Saw ye him? The watchmen found me, they wounded
 me. . . *His Harshness.* Thy daughter is dead. . . They
 are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. . . They helped
 forward the affliction. . . Is it nothing to you, all ye that
 pass by?

They bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be
 THE POSTMAN'S borne, and lay them on men's shoulders. . .
 TRIALS. *Parcels carelessly tied.* A thread of tow. . .
Wrong Addresses. He shall have no name in
 the streets. *Insufficient Postage.* Dealing falsely with balances
 of deceit. . . Afraid of that which is high. . . Steep
 places. . . Slippery ways. . . And his ascent. . .
 Winding stairs. . . Whose habitation is on high. . .
 The journey is too great for thee. . . *People Re-*
moved. And the man said, They are departed hence. . .
 Foul weather. . . They could not read the writing. . .
 Foolish questions. . . *Nobody in.* They tarried till they were

Rev. 11, 10.
 Acts 1, 1.
 2 Tim. 4, 13.
 2 Sam. 6, 19
 (R.V.)
 Gen. 43, 11.
 2 Kings 16, 10.

Neh. 13, 13
 (R.V.)
 Esther 8, 14.
 Jer. 5, 1.
 2 Tim. 1, 13.
 1 Sam. 9, 18.
 Prov. 11, 13.
 Rom. 12, 15.
 Matt. 10, 12.
 2 Kings 4, 26.

Prov. 26, 6.
 Prov. 10, 26.
 1 Tim. 5, 13.
 Prov. 11, 13.
 Gen. 4, 9.
 Song of S. 3, 2.
 Song of S. 5, 7.
 Mark 5, 35.
 Amos 6, 6.
 Zech. 1, 15.
 Lamen. 1, 12.

Matt. 23, 4.
 Judges 16, 9.
 Job 18, 17.
 Amos 8, 5.
 Ezek. 38, 20.
 Jer. 23, 12.
 1 Kings 10, 5.
 1 Kings 6, 8.
 Obad. 3.
 1 Kings 19, 7.
 Gen. 37, 17.
 Matt. 16, 3.
 Dan. 5, 8.
 Titus 3, 9.

ashamed, and, behold, he opened not the doors. . . *Blamed* | Judges 3, 25.
for bringing Bad News. I made you sorry with a letter. . . | 2 Cor. 7, 8.



No letters for people who are anxious. The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice.

Jer. 20, 15.
Judges 5, 28.

Good Writing. Write, and make it plain, that he may run that readeth it. . . See with how large letters I have written. . . *Correct Address.* Call for Simon, whose surname is Peter; he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the sea-side. . . *Strong neat Parcels.* A three-fold cord. . . Fine-twined. . . *Not kept Waiting.* When Abraham saw them he ran to meet them. . . *Neighbours Civil and Helpful.* They are departed hence; I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. . . *His Welcome.* How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings. . . *His Sabbath rest.* Bear no burden on the Sabbath day. . . I removed his shoulder from the burden. . . *A little Gift to him at the New Year.* On the outside of a letter to his wife, Lady Grace Grenville, giving news of a victory, an old English worthy, Sir Bevil Grenville, wrote: "The messenger is paid, yet give him a shilling more."

Hab. 2, 2.
Gal. 6, 11.
Acts 10, 5.
Eccles. 4, 12.
Esther 1, 16.
Gen. 18, 2.
Gen. 37, 17.
Isaiah 52, 7.
Jer. 17, 21.
Psalm 81, 6.

Mark well the entering in of the house. . . *She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house; now she is without, now in the streets.* . . Desolation shall be in the thresholds. . . She looketh well to the ways of her household. . . Thou shalt write my words upon the doorposts of thy house. . . The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous. . . Then saith the damsel that kept the door, Art not thou also one of This Man's disciples? . . I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually.

Ezek. 44, 5.
Prov. 7, 11.
Zeph. 2, 14.
Deut. 11, 20.
Ps. 118, 15.
John 18, 17.
2 Kings 4, 11.

Epaphroditus, your messenger. . . Phœbe, who carried Paul's letter to the Romans. . . Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly. . . I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God, and am sent to shew thee these glad tidings. . . *Our Lord.* The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He anointed Me to preach good tidings.

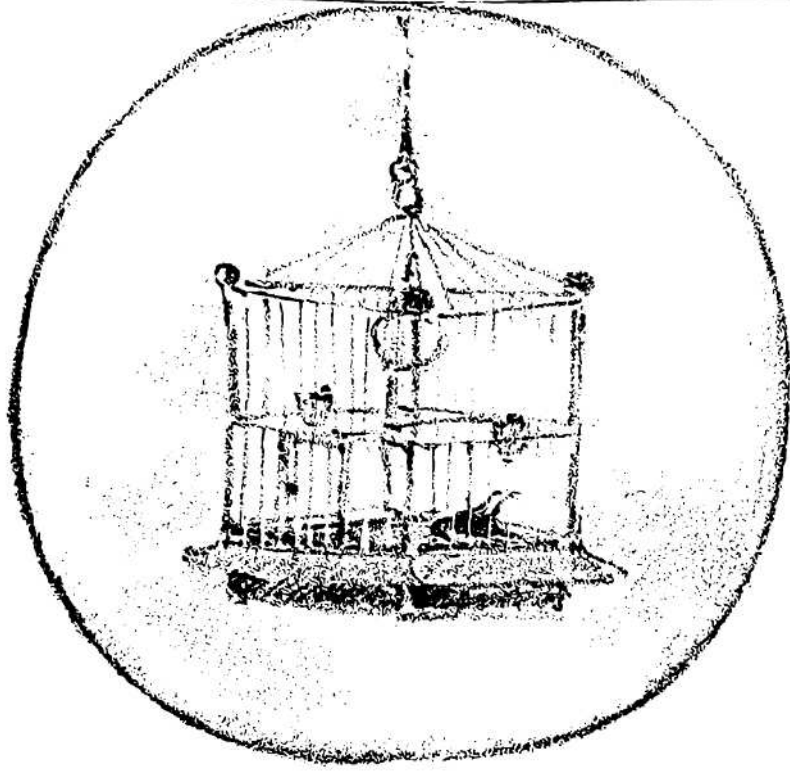
Phil. 2, 25.
Rom. 16, 27.
Dan. 9, 21.
Luke 1, 19.
Luke 4, 18.

A. H. K.

Our Inconsistencies.—No. 1.

They made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.—Song of Sol. 1, 6.

The lady on the opposite page is the energetic and indefatigable Secretary of a Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, writing her Annual Report, and that is her dear little Canary, which she has forgotten to give food to since last Monday, lying dead—of starvation.



1	S	Love not sleep.— <i>Prov. 20, 13.</i> Dr. Wilmot of Trinity College, Oxford (died 1807) had a game-cock which perched on the elbow of a chair by his bedside, whose crowing was the signal to him to rise and study.
2	S	They went backward, and not forward.— <i>Jer. 7, 24.</i>
3	M	The fool walketh in darkness.— <i>Ecc. 2, 14.</i>
4	TU	The wise man's eyes are in his head.
5	W	He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness,
6	TH	But shall have the light of life.— <i>John 8, 12.</i>
7	F	The hope set before us.— <i>Heb. 6, 18.</i> "11 Sept., 1873. A labourer in Leven, who was cleaning a byre, said to me yesterday that he could not conceive how anything could daunt a man who had an aim in life, 'him that has something ayont (beyond) need never weary.'"— <i>R. L. Stevenson.</i>
8	S	I will give him the morning star.— <i>Rev. 2, 28.</i>
9	S	They which are fallen asleep in Christ.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 18.</i>
10	M	With Me in Paradise.— <i>Luke 23, 43.</i>
11	TU	They shall see His face. "17 July, 1866. Sixteen years since our boy Ambrose died. What would he have been now? Yes, but <i>what is he now?</i> "— <i>Dean Alford's Letters.</i>
12	W	His name shall be on their foreheads.— <i>Rev. 22, 4.</i>
13	TH	We shall be like Him.— <i>1 John 3, 2.</i>
14	F	A full-grown man.— <i>Eph. 4, 13 (R. V.)</i>
15	S	The measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.
16	S	Lord, all my desire is before Thee.— <i>Psa. 38, 9.</i>
17	M	O Lord, Thou knowest :— <i>Jer. 15, 15.</i>
18	TU	Remember me. On a tomb in Astley Church, Worcestershire, are figures of a man and wife ; in the wife's hand a book, on which is written, "O Lord, consider our desire."
19	W	I know Whom I have believed.— <i>2 Tim. 1, 12.</i>
20	TH	He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.
21	F	I tell thee, that the Lord will build thee an house.— <i>1 Chron. 17, 10.</i>
22	S	I will remember the covenant of their ancestors.— <i>Lev. 26, 45.</i>
23	S	The Shepherd calleth His own sheep by name.— <i>John 10, 3.</i>
24	M	He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him :
25	TU	For they know His voice. Here is a story Reginald Heber loved : A letter went to a sea-port addressed "To my son." Great was the postmaster's difficulty as to whom he should give it, till a sailor solved it by asking if there was a letter "From my mother." The letter was given up to him at once.
26	W	I know My sheep.
27	TH	And am known of Mine.
28	F	Call Thou, and I will answer.
29	S	Or let me speak, and answer Thou me.— <i>Job 13, 22.</i>
30	S	The Kings of the earth take counsel against the Lord.— <i>Psa. 2, 2.</i>
31	M	The Lord shall have them in derision. King Otho had to leave Greece in 1862 on account of his tyranny. Some years after, a peasant in a little Danish town, mistaking him for a mountebank, went up to him and said, "When are you going to begin?"

April, 1902.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 4.



"Steppy."

Vol. XIV. for 1901, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Messrs James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition, excepting those for 1899 and 1901.

The Stepmother Hen.

THAT is a portrait of the old Hen and seven of her chickens, taken when they were very young, when she was sitting under the shelter of a haystack one day. There were fourteen of them altogether, but five of them are under her wings, and two are on the other side of her, and so you can't see them. She herself had been hatched by a patent Incubator, which did all for her that an Incubator can do. But, of course, it couldn't supply a mother's love and a mother's care. The Hen, therefore, never learned any arithmetic, and was not even able to count her own chickens. She knew them by sight, and she knew each one's step—for all women-folks are wonderfully clever that way—and even the different noises they each made as they pecked their food from the plate. They had all their own names, too, Black Bars, and Yellow Neb, and Round Shoulders, and so on. But if you had asked her how many there were, she would have said, "I'm no scholar; I never was at school, and the only mother I had was a patent American Gas Stove."

Five only of the chickens were her own, but her love to all the little ones soon made her forget

that. She could have told after a little thought, I have no doubt, which were her own, but the question was never put to her, and she never put it to herself. She was good, and equally good, to them all. For three weeks she sat on the eggs, so anxious, so diligent, that she seemed almost to live without food, and certainly she never slept for more than forty winks at a time. When they were hatched, oh the trouble and the worry she had with them! They were always hungry, always stravaging where they had no right to go, climbing into impossible places, where they lost their heads, and then cried "Murder!" And then there were rats and cats and dogs and bad boys and clumsy men, and brooms and sieves and other things always tumbling on the top of them. I tell you she had a sore time of it. In two months she lost 19½ oz. in weight, and grew so thin that she said herself, "I expect some morning when I wake to find I have turned into a pillowslip!" But she loved her little ones, and they loved her, and that was all she needed.

Now there were in that neighbourhood some other hens that were envious, and they always called her "Steppy." If she punished her children when they did wrong, they would say, "Ay, it's well seen she is not their mother." If she was kind to them, they either said that it was only her duty, or else that she was ruining them, and that it was a pity they had no one to care for their highest interests.

"How's Steppy?" they would say

to the chickens; "you look hungry, are you sure you get enough meat!" The chickens not knowing any evil suspected none, and loved their mother more and more. The little girls amongst them trimmed her feathers and asked when theirs would be as big. The boys complained about pains in their throats and the breaking of their voices, and told her wonderful stories of monstrous worms yards long that they had fought with and overcome.

But one day the oldest of them, hearing the usual question about Steppy, said, "Why do you call my mother Steppy? I don't know the meaning of that word." Whereupon the other hens all laughed, and said, "Don't you know that she is not your mother? she is not one drop's blood to you, she is only your step-mother!"

That very day he told the other thirteen what he had heard, and then they all went to their mother, and said, "You are not our mother! You have nothing to do with us!"

The poor Hen was so greatly put about that she could not speak, and the young ones, thinking that to be

a stepmother was surely something very sinful, made up their minds to sleep under a cart that night at the other end of the stack-yard. And such a night they all put in! Their mother slept none, and of the young ones eight had the most horrid nightmares and the rest most unpleasant dreams.

They were all awake before sunrise, and had made up their minds to go home as soon as the day broke. But alas! there was another destiny in store for them. Before they knew it they were squeezed by some one into a hamper, and carried to the railway. Four hours afterwards they found themselves in Edinburgh, and were carried along Princes Street, and up the Mound; but neither Sir Walter Scott's monument nor the grand shops, nor, strange to say, the models in the windows of the Peers' Coronation Robes, interested them in the very least! They were all thinking about their mother.

"And if she *was* our stepmother," one of them said, "I think that was a reason not for loving her less, but for loving her all the more for what she did for us."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 28.)

What
is thy
name?

Frances

The marriage of Charles Kingsley—whose *Westward Ho!* you must all read some day—with FRANCES, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger, was a singularly happy one. Yet there were so many obstacles in the way of it at first, that Kingsley said he was convinced, as the result of his own experience, "that if young people sought marriage as a boon from God, to be gained from Him alone by earnest prayer, God would work what the world would call a miracle, if necessary, to bring it about." His last sermon closed

What
is thy
name?

Frances

with his wife's favourite text : "And, therefore, let us say in utter faith, Come as Thou seest best, but in whatsoever way Thou comest, even so, come, Lord Jesus."

When Kingsley was dying, his wife was so ill that she was thought to be dying too. For some days they wrote little letters to one another, but at last, unable to bear the separation any longer, he left his bed, went to her room, took her by the hand, and then said, "This is heaven !" On his tombstone in Eversley Churchyard there are, round a spray of his favourite passion-flower, the words, God is Love, and underneath, the inscription he had prepared for his wife :

AMAVIMUS AMAMUS AMABIMUS

that is, *We have loved, we do love, we will love.*

When Baron Bunsen, a distinguished German diplomatist and scholar, was dying at Bonn in 1860, he said to his wife, an English lady, a Miss FRANCES WADDINGTON, to whom he had been married for forty-three years, "We have loved each other in God, and in the love of God we shall live on, for ever and ever. We shall meet again. I am sure of that. Love—God is love—love eternal."

I should like to tell you about two other Fannies--the first, Oliver Cromwell's youngest daughter, about whose engagement at the age of seventeen to the grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and the cruel way some people sought to hinder it, Lady Mary Cromwell writes such a kind and sensible letter, that at the close of it Carlyle cannot help saying, "Good little Mary !" And secondly, FRANCES CAY, the mother of Professor James Clerk Maxwell, the great natural philosopher, who, when he was only thirteen, invented a way of drawing ovals, which he was thought too young to describe to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and another described for him. Lord Kelvin brought him, a few years before he died, into our class-room at the University, but unfortunately told us nothing about him. What a cheer we would have given him had we known how great and how good a man he was ! Maxwell once said, "To have had a wise and good parent is a great stay in life." Miss Cay was a lady of gentle birth, a beautiful player on the organ, a marvellous knitter, and a right brave woman, too. Once, when some men were badly hurt in blasting at a quarry on her husband's estate, she attended to their wounds before a surgeon could be brought. She was married at the age of thirty-four, and died at forty-eight, in 1840.

Georgiana

GEORGIANA is the feminine of George, and George means *husbandman*.

GEORGIANA, 1757-1806, by becoming wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, made what was considered the best match in England, and became the reigning Queen of Society. But one admires her most for this, that in the bloom of her youth she was to be seen hanging on every word that fell from Dr. Johnson's lips, and contending for the place nearest his chair. It was her portrait, painted by Gainsborough, that disappeared from London so mysteriously twenty-five years ago, and was restored only the other day, on the death of the man who had broken by night into the gallery where the picture was being exhibited and had cut it out of its frame.

What
is thy
name?

Georgiana

The Duchess had a cousin even more beautiful, they said, than herself, GEORGIANA SHIPLEY, afterwards Mrs Hare Naylor. She was a fine Greek scholar, and could also paint well. When she was only forty-eight, she became blind, having injured her eyes in her eagerness to complete a set of drawings of a castle that had once belonged to her family. She used to dress in white, and in her walks was always accompanied by a white doe, which even went to Church with her and stood, as it had a perfect right to do, at the end of her pew during public worship.

There was yet another Georgiana in this family group, a MISS HARE, who was once a pretty, lively girl, but in later life became a sickly, petulant, discontented woman. In her youth she once undertook to dance the round of the clock, and accomplished the feat, but had to lie on her back for a year after, and never fully regained her health. She wore her hair down her back in two long plaits, her nephew tells us in his memoirs, and once when a child he offended her mortally by saying, "Chelu, the rector's dog, has only one tail, but Aunt Georgie has two." She seemed to prefer being ill, as some foolish people do, for the sympathy it excited. "She dosed herself continually with medicine, and once or twice a year she would be dying: the members of the family were summoned; every one was in tears; they knelt round her bed, and bade her good-bye; it was her most delicious excitement." She was married during what was supposed to be her last illness to Frederick Denison Maurice, "but was so pleased with her nuptials that she recovered after the ceremony and lived for nearly half-a-century afterwards."



The Old Bridge.



I am Gedy wth mth story of Scotland to prove it
 of Sam Inglis eyes and sooths variation
 at Levinge the rest of a night

J Buchanan 2p

George Buchanan.

GEORGE BUCHANAN was born at Killearn in Stirlingshire in 1506, and died in Edinburgh in 1582. He was buried in Greyfriars' Churchyard, a place to which the lines by Beaumont, which Dean Stanley put up in Westminster Abbey, might well be applied:—

Here's an acre sown, indeed,
With the richest rarest seed
Which the earth did ere suck in,
Since the first man died for sin.

Buchanan was one of the greatest scholars of his age, one of the heroes of the Reformation, and one of the greatest men that Scotland has ever produced.

He was tutor to James VI., but though, if all stories be true, he beat him well, he could not drive the folly out of him, and, as Solomon says of the father of a fool, "he had no joy."

The fac-simile of his hand-writing is taken from a letter which he wrote to Lord Burghley, the ancestor of the present Marquis of Salisbury, which closes thus—"At this present tyme *I am besy w^t our story of Scotland to purge it of some Inglis lyes and Scottis vanitie. At Sterling the sext of August.*" The letters after the signature are a contraction for *scripsit*, that is, *wrote*.

James Melville tells two charming stories about the old man's last days. He and two others, one of them his famous uncle Andrew, went to call on him. "When we came to his chamber, we found him sitting in his chair teaching his young man that servit him to spell

a b ab, e b eb. After salutation Mr. Andro says, 'I see, sir, ye are nocht idle.' 'Better this,' quoth he, 'nor stealing sheep, or sitting idle, quhilk is as ill.'"

Then he showed them the dedication of his *History of Scotland*. They suggested one or two alterations. "I can do no more," he replied, "for thinking of another matter." "What is that?" they said. "To die."

After a little, at his bidding they went to the printer's to look at his manuscript. When they came back they asked him how he was feeling now. "Even going the way of welfare," was his answer.

When they told him that they thought he had spoken so boldly of some matters in his book that the king would be displeased and might hinder the printing, "Tell me, man," he said, "if I have told the truth."

"Yes, sir," said his cousin, who was the third of the party, "I think so."

"Then I will bide his feud, and all his kin's. Pray to God for me, and let Him direct all."



JEANIE SEATON used to get a ha'penny to herself from an old couple who lived near her mother, every time she went an errand for them. But when they sent her to the public-house—for, unhappily, they gave way to drink every few weeks—they gave her threepence.

One day she met a young Irish terrier with a whip in its mouth.

It looked up at her quite proudly, as if to say, Do you see what I am carrying?

"Do you not know, doggie," she said, "that you are carrying a whip for your own back? If I were you, I wouldn't carry it another step." Then suddenly the thought struck her, "Isn't it far worse to carry a whip for other people's backs, and take money from them for



doing it?" And with that she turned and went straight back to the old couple's house, and said, "I'm quite willing to do anything I can for you, and I'll run as many messages as you like, but I'm not going to go for whisky any more."

For the writing which is written in the King's name, and sealed with the King's ring, may no man reverse.— Esther 8, 8.

THE Rev. John Steele, B.A., one of the many young missionaries who have gone from Greenock in

recent years and are the chief glory of our town, writing to me, "From the Gospel Boat, up river from Swatow, 11th Jany., 1902," says:

"I send you a copy of eight Chinese characters which cost two brave men their lives. When things were developing last year, the Empress prepared a secret edict to be telegraphed throughout the Empire. In it she commanded that Chapels and Missionaries throughout the land should be, respectively, 'burnt down and thoroughly exterminated.' Hsu Cheng-ch'êng and Yüan Ch'ang, the former ex-Minister to Russia, and the latter ex-Minister of the Foreign Office in Peking, saw what would be the result, and changed the characters to others which meant that they 'should be protected by your united forces.' The Empress heard of the change immediately, sent for the Ministers, and condemned them to the old punishment for high treason—cutting asunder at the loins. They were executed in that fashion accordingly, and execrated as traitors. But when their bodies were carried through Shanghai lately on their way home, they received the most remarkable public funeral ever accorded to public men apart from Imperial Sanction."

I am sorry the eight Chinese characters are not as beautifully drawn as they are in the copy Mr. Steele has sent me, for beautiful writing is a mark of scholarship amongst the Chinese, and I am sorrier still I can't read them. But I hope some of you boys and girls

will be able to read them in a few years, when God by His grace has made you missionaries in that wonderful land.

And this is the writing that was written:

b

a

協	焚
力	燒
保	痛
佑	操

a Original. b Altered form.



I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.—Ps. 139, 14.

THE late Sir James Paget, Bart., the distinguished surgeon, once asked Mdlle. Janotha to play on the piano one of the swiftest pieces of music she knew, a *presto* by Mendelssohn. The time it occupied was taken, and the number of notes was counted. She played 5,995 notes in 4 minutes 8 seconds, rather more than 24 notes per second. All the time she was playing she made at least three voluntary movements of fingers, shoulders, feet, etc., for each note,

all of them determined by a distinct effort of the will. Each of these movements, further, was directed by her will to a certain place on the piano, with a certain force and a certain speed, at a certain time, and each was maintained for a certain length of time. There were thus, he says, at least five distinct and designed qualities in each of these 72 movements in each second.

In addition, there was the conscious sensation which the mind had of the very position of each finger, hand, and foot, before it was moved, and while it was moving, and there was also the consciousness which the mind had of the sound of each note and the force of each note.

Each second, therefore, the mind was conscious of 96 sensations, and directed not less than 72 movements, and it was also remembering each note to be played in its due time and place; and further, it was comprehending with the judgment some of the sentiments which the music was intended to represent, that is to say, Mdle. Janotha was not only playing the notes but thinking of their meaning.

There were many other things which her mind was doing at the same time which Sir James Paget could have pointed out if he had chosen.

Now, if all these things can pass through the mind in one moment, what a wonderful thing the human mind must be! And if the human mind is wonderful, what shall we say of the Mind of God, Who not only knows, but remembers and

records all that passes and has passed through the minds of all men living or dead, and of all angels good or bad, and of all creatures great or small! And not only are our thoughts and feelings known to Him, but the very hairs of our heads are numbered, and our members are all written in His book. And as travellers tell us that in the Mosque of Bajazet in Constantinople, under the head of the dead Sultan is a brick made of all the dust collected off his clothes and shoes during his lifetime, so, if we may compare vain man with the Ever-Living Holy One of Israel, our very dust is precious in His sight.

He knows all *things*, too, that are in heaven above, and in the earth beneath, and in all places of His dominions, for "Known unto God are all His works, from the beginning of the world." O Lord my God—*my God!*—Thou art exceeding great.



Hitherto have ye asked nothing: ask and ye shall receive.—John 16, 24.

IN 1854 Lord Chancellor Cranworth offered Dean Alford a post in Lincolnshire. The Dean, who had made up his mind to decline it, went to the Chancellor's house to thank him. When he asked to see him the servant said his master was engaged. "But tell him," said the Dean, "that it is not a person who has come to ask for anything, but one who wishes to refuse something that has been offered."

"Oh, sir!" was the answer, "in that case I am sure he will see you."



Our Inconsistencies.

This girl, who promised to her mother, when she went out, to do some darning, has been greatly touched over a story about "A Man Who said, "I go, Sir:" and Went Not."

-
- 1 TU Keep thy lips from speaking guile.—*Ps. 34, 13.*
 2 W The mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.—*Ps. 63, 11.*
 3 TH The fool saith to every one that he is a fool.—*Ecc. 10, 3.*
 4 F A rod for the fool's back.—*Prov. 26, 3.* Sir J. Paget called a rogue once
 "one of those clever persons who insist on being cheated by some one
 more clever still."
 5 S He is fallen into the ditch which he made.—*Ps. 7, 15.*
-
- 6 S Lord, many are they that rise up against me.—*Ps. 3, 1.*
 "I am but one, my foes are many."
 "Thou art innumerable as thy wrongs."
 —*Stephen Phillips' Ulysses.*
 7 M Master, I have brought unto Thee my son.—*Mark 9, 17-21.*
 8 TU The spirit teareth him, and he foameth, and pineth away;
 9 W And I spake to Thy disciples, that they should cast him out;
 10 TH And they could not.
 11 F How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child.
 12 S And oftentimes it hath cast him into the fire.
 The wrong is one wrong, one and immortal too,
 And that you bore it those five hundred times,
 Is just five hundred wrongs the more and worse.
 —*Browning—The Ring and the Book.*
-
- 13 S I am the Lord That healeth thee.—*Ex. 15, 26.* "I dressed him," said Paré, a
 French Surgeon, "God healed him."
 14 M Asa sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians.—*2 Chron. 16, 12.*
 15 TU Cursed be the man that trusteth in man.—*Jer. 17, 5.*
 16 W Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick.—*John 11, 3.*
 17 TH This sickness is for the glory of God.
 18 F Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed.—*Is. 38, 2.*
 19 S I have seen thy tears. Sir J. Paget said grace to medicine.
-
- 20 S What mean ye, saying, The fathers have eaten sour grapes,
 21 M And the children's teeth are set on edge?—*Ezek. 18, 2.* "I asked a boy in
 Capri, near Naples, 'Who is your father?' 'Constantin il bugiardo'—
 Constantine the liar, was his answer."—*J. R. Green.*
 22 TU The soul that sinneth, it shall die.
 23 W The children shall not be put to death for the fathers:
 24 TH Every man shall be put to death for his own sin.—*Deut. 24, 16.*
 25 F I am the son of Thine handmaid.—*Ps. 116, 16.*
 26 S Thou hast loosed my bonds. "I please myself often by saying, I had a
 Covenanting childhood."—*R. L. Stevenson.*
-
- 27 S Our guide even unto death.—*Ps. 48, 14.*
 28 M The last enemy.—*1 Cor. 15, 26.* "I look forward to death with intense
 reverent curiosity."—*Charles Kingsley.*
 29 T I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.—*Ps. 23, 4.*
 30 W Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.—*Ex. 20, 21.*
-

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.



*"I've washed my face in May
dew to be pretty. Have you,
Doggie?"*

Vol. XIV. for 1901, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

All the other Volumes are now out of print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

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Messrs James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition.

May Dew.

"THERE is treasure in that field if you dig for it," said a man to his son, according to the old fable. And the son digged and digged, and the treasure he got was—not the money he expected—but health, and a good

crop at the end of the year.

"Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep."

We Scotch people have spoilt the month of May and dishonoured God by many superstitious fears and practices. Washing one's face in dew on the first of May to make one's self pretty is one of them. But there is no special virtue in that dew, remember; the virtue lies in the early rising, and in breathing the fresh air and seeing the sweetness and calmness and beauty of the early morn.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 41.)

What
is thy
name?

Gertrude.

Mrs. GERTRUDE CROCKHAY, one of those who suffered persecution in the time of Bloody Mary, was told by the priests when she was dying, that if she would not receive the Sacrament she should be buried in unconsecrated ground. "Very well," she said, "the earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is, and therefore I commit the matter to Him."

Hans Egede—pronounced Ae-gid-a, three syllables, accent on the first, so a Norwegian friend tells me—sailed from Bergen for Greenland, whose apostle he was to be, on May 3, 1721, on board the ship *Hope*, with his wife and family. He was then thirty-five years of age. His wife's name was GERTRUDE RASK, and though at first she had tried to dissuade him from his enterprise, it was she who kept him from despairing when trials abounded and his faith grew faint. The Greenlanders were heathen when he went to them, and they received him as coldly as could be. It was only through the intercourse between his children and theirs that he learned the language. In 1735 his wife died. The year after, July 29, broken in health he preached his farewell sermon from Isa. 49, 4—I said I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God. Then he set sail for home, taking his wife's coffin with him. There is a little town in West Greenland named after him, Egede's Minde, or Egede's Memory. His son Paul, whom he left in Greenland behind him, had the high honour of translating the New Testament into the language of the country.

What
is thy
name?

Ertrude.

In the Bethesda Home for Crippled and Incurable Children at Manchester there is a Cot with this Inscription : "In loving Memory of GERTIE, one of the first Inmates of this Home, who went to see His face, Whom having not seen she loved. Aug. 13, 1890. Aged 16 years. GERTIE'S COT, the gift of friends at Alderley Edge."

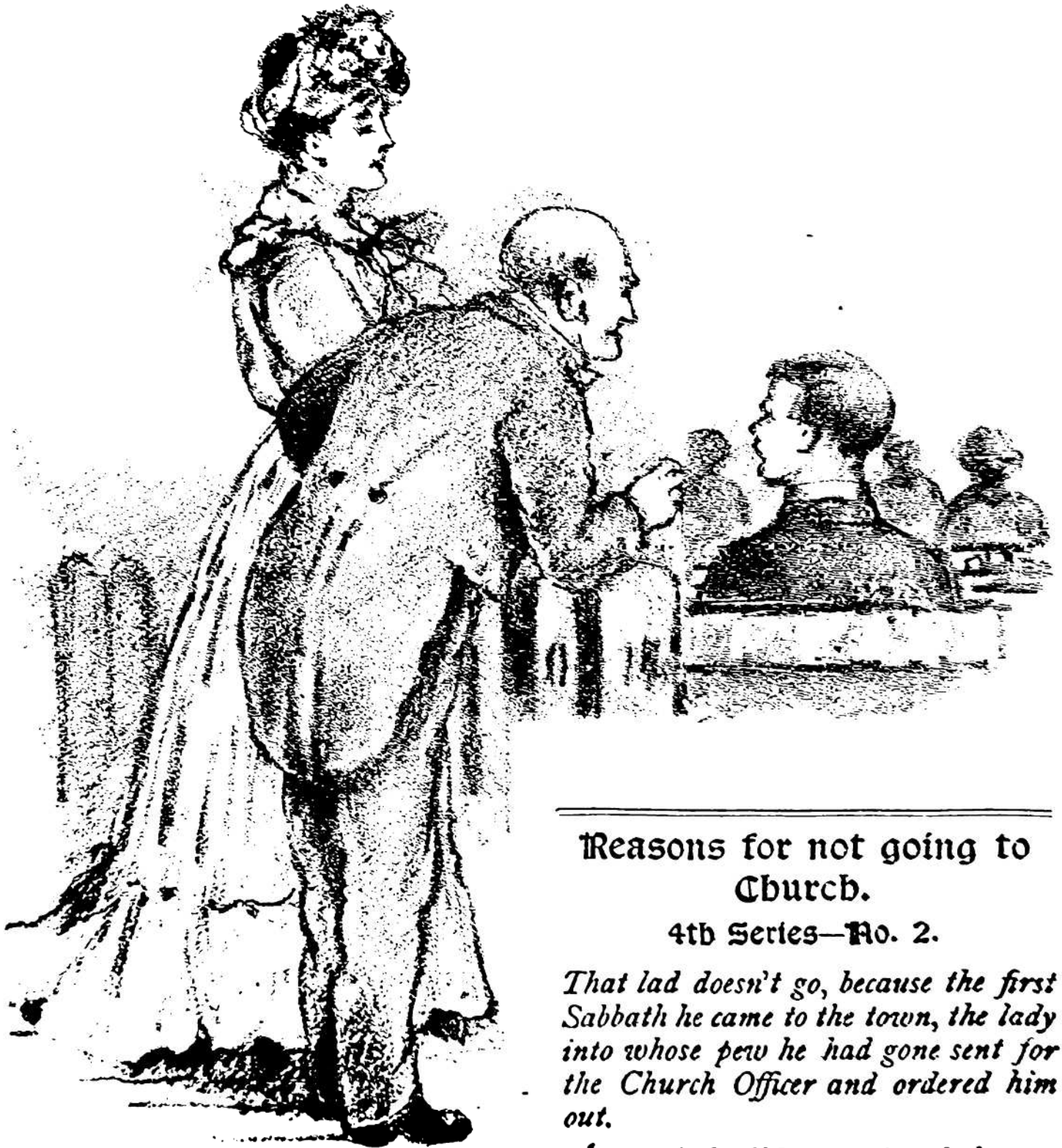
The ancient Greeks used to speak of three imaginary Graces—Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, who were divine personifications of grace, gentleness, and beauty. When LADY GRACE MILDMAY gave great gifts to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the scholars, according to Thomas Fuller, called her the fourth Grace, and said she was more worth than all the other three together. When Queen Elizabeth found fault with Sir Walter Mildmay, the founder of Emmanuel College, for setting it up on Puritan principles, "Madam," he said, "I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." From Emmanuel came John Harvard, founder of one of the greatest of American Universities.

Grace.

In the village of Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, there are the ruins of a fine old castle, built by one of the knights who fought at Agincourt. The bower-window of the room in which GRACE NAYLOR, the last of an old family, was starved to death in 1727, at the age of twenty-one, is still pointed out. She was the niece of the first Duke of Newcastle, and was left an orphan at the age of five. Her governess refused to give her food, some say through malice, but others say through a desire to make her pupil thin and ladylike—in which case the distinction between love and malice is somewhat hard to see. Grace Naylor has no monument; her name is only mentioned on that of her nurse Mary Beckett, who died in 1750, aged 78, "who all her life daily and hourly lamented the decease of her young mistress."

LADY GRACE GETHIN, who died in 1697, is another of those who might well have said, "Save me from my friends." She was reckoned a great scholar, and has a monument in Westminster Abbey. She was in the habit, like many wise persons, of writing out in a note-book favourite passages from the authors she read. Her friends mistook these extracts, which were chiefly from the works of Bacon, for her own compositions, and published them, the Editor claiming some indulgence for them from the critics, on the ground that they were "undigested thoughts and first notions hastily set down," written at spare hours and meant for no eye but her own!

GRACE MILLET was the maiden name of the mother of Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist. She and her two sisters lost their parents through fever in one week. Mr. John Tonkin, a surgeon in Penzance, took the three children at the request of their dying mother to his own home and brought them up. Mrs. Davy was left a widow at the age of thirty-four with five children, and a debt of £1,300, which her husband had incurred through some mining speculation. Having some money of her own she joined two French ladies, who had fled from their country at the Revolution, in opening a millinery shop, and by carefulness and hard work succeeded in a few years in paying all her husband owed. Her favourite books in teaching her children were *Æsop's Fables* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. She lived to see her son come to honour, dying only three years before him, in 1826.



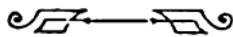
Reasons for not going to Church.

4th Series—No. 2.

That lad doesn't go, because the first Sabbath he came to the town, the lady into whose pew he had gone sent for the Church Officer and ordered him out.

THAT lady did a cruel and shameful thing, but if any of you are ever treated the same way, you are not to do as that lad has done. For

the person who orders you out, or refuses to let you in, may be wrong in the mind. I have known a case of that kind. Or he may be in a temper at the time, and may wish for years after that he could have the chance of apologizing to you. Or perhaps the seat is one that is reserved for some invalid who can sit no where else. I have known a case of that kind too. But however discourteously any one person, or any half-dozen persons may treat you, the elders and the minister and all the right-minded and warm-hearted people in the congregation are glad to see you anywhere in the house of God and at the throne of grace. And God Himself bids you welcome, for the Spirit says, Come, and Christ died and rose again that He might prepare a place for you. So just try another seat. "Yet there is room."



The Right Hon. Sir Richard
Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I.

ON the 1st of January, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India at a great Durbar held near the ridge of Delhi. A more wonderful gathering not even India had ever seen. One of the greatest men there that day—and there were many great men—was Sir Richard Temple. I remember, just before the beginning of the day's proceedings, the flutter of excitement there was when he was seen coming leading the young Gaekwar of Baroda by the hand. The boy was ablaze with diamonds from head to foot, and the women

in the assemblage all gazed at him, but the men looked at Temple.

A few weeks ago two or three lines in the newspapers announced his death and burial. A few paragraphs, less than is given to a third-rate football match, were devoted to the story of his career, a career such as few men have had in this or any other land.

Six years ago he wrote the story of his life in two somewhat disappointing volumes. The books are almost as dry as a catalogue, but it is just because, like a catalogue, they are so full of facts.

Twenty-five years ago the traveller in India heard Temple spoken of wherever he went. No harder worker, it was said, had ever been seen in that land. He had gone out as a Civil Servant at the age of twenty-one, and after filling with great capacity many important though subordinate posts, was awakened one morning, as he tells us himself, by the salute of guns which proclaimed his appointment as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. After a time he became, in turn, Resident of Hyderabad, Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government, Finance Minister, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Governor of Bombay, ruling, during sixteen years of office, a hundred and fifteen millions of British subjects. And besides all that, he had conducted the operations for relief in two of the greatest famines of modern times. The history of almost any day in that time would have supplied material for a book of surpassing

interest. But the pages of his book are like the name-boards of railway stations to the traveller in an express; to the ignorant they are but a blur of letters, to those who know they are history, and poetry, and life. And if you wish to know how big, and rich, and full, and beneficent a man's life or a woman's life may be, go to India!

The natives of that land have boundless admiration for good horsemanship, and Temple was the man to ride! He saw everything with his own eyes and heard everything with his own ears, hearing what everybody said, but always making up his own mind. No man knew where he would turn up next. "You get word," I have heard a young Englishman say, "that Temple is in a village two hundred miles off, and have just congratulated yourself on being safe for twenty-four hours at least, when there is a clatter of hoofs at your door, and there he is!"

If you wish to know something of some of the great men our country has produced—men beside whom few of those whom we call statesmen and politicians are worthy to be named—read some day when you get the chance Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*. Those great men Sir Richard Temple knew, and they loved and honoured him, and yet when he died five weeks ago among his own countrymen, he died as one forgotten, and "departed without being desired."

If the last two years have taught you boys and girls anything, it should be the fickleness of men and

the absolute hollowness of fame and popular applause. Fame lasts nine days, and then detraction comes, and then oblivion. But the honour that is at God's right hand, that he will give at last to all who come to heaven, will have no end and will know no diminution. That is the life that is life indeed.

Children that have Something still to Learn.

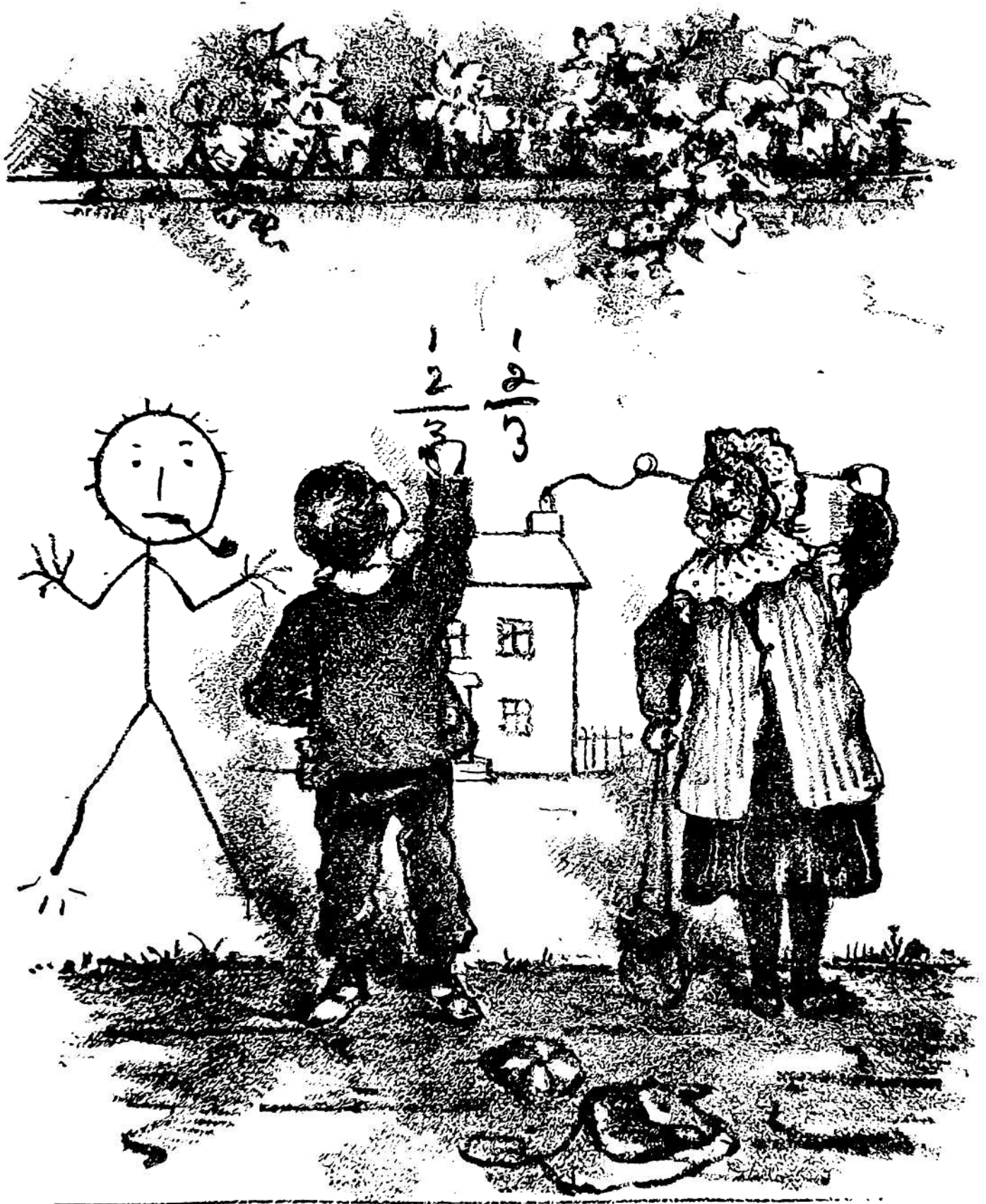
FOURTH SERIES.—No. 3.

Children that Scribble on Walls.

THERE is a time and a place for everything; a time to draw, and a time not to draw. Maggie Telfer and her brother's drawings are very interesting from several points of view, and the children are only doing what is very natural, for we all wish to make our mark some way. But we should not do it on other people's property. That wall was whitewashed at some cost three days ago, and when Maggie and her brother have houses of their own they will understand why it was that Miss Dinwoodie came out and gave them such a scolding!

And when he saw that he was healed, he turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, giving Him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.—Luke 17, 15.

ON the 30th of this month last year a foreman painter in our town—so the Keeper of our Natural History Museum tells me



—picked up a young sparrow from the pavement at 8.30 a.m., and carried it home, a distance of between three and four hundred yards, passing through several streets on the way. The night

had been very wet and windy, but food and rest soon revived the little stranger. At 4 p.m. it was looking through the window at the back of the house, when the two old birds appeared outside and made a great ado. At 5 p.m. they left, but about seven the following morning they reappeared and tried again to get in beside their little one. The window was then lifted

and the bird let out. Landing on a tree a little way off, it was instantly joined by its parents, and then fed. A little after, the three took wing, but every morning for some time the whole family visited the window and, of course, were hospitably entertained.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

Wheetlety Wheet!

By the Rev. R. Riach Thom, Kilmarnock.

"Wheetlety wheet, wheetlety wheet,"
Thus the little brown birdie sings;
"Wheetlety wheet, wheetlety wheet,"
Flitting about on untiring wings.

Something to eat, something to eat,
That's what the little brown birdie brings
For three little fluff balls covered with down,
With never a feather from claw to crown.
Open wide are their yellow bills;
Two little mouthies the mother fills,
A worm for Jen and a grub for Jack;
Puffy must wait—she will soon be back.

Now supper is ended, "Wheetlety wheet,"
Her bairnies cluster around her feet;
Far in the west the red sky fades,
Deepen and darken the evening shades;
But the little brown bird and her bairnies three
Sleep safe in their nest in the hawthorn tree.
There is One for the little brown birds doth care,
And through the darkness He is there.

19th March, 1902.



"Oh but No Sair!"

If ye are without chastisement, then are ye not sons.—Heb. 12, 8.

ROBERT FERGUSON, a Scottish poet who died in 1774 at the age of twenty-four, Burns' "elder brother in the Muses," burst in on his mother one day when he was a boy, and sobbing all the while implored her to whip him.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because it says in the 13th of Proverbs, He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes. (*Betimes* means "in good time," that is, in early life.)

A woman in Glasgow told me once that one week, after her minister had been preaching about the sin of Eli, her little boy was looking so sad that she asked him what was wrong with him.

"I'm feart God will punish you like Eli," he said, "for no correcting me."

"If it's that that's vexing you," she answered, "I can easily put it right. Come away, and I'll give you a whipping this very minute."

And then the poor child made this pitiful, but natural, answer to the acceptance of his own prayer, "Oh but no sair!"

SOME time ago, on the railway between Glasgow and Paisley, where owing to the heavy traffic there are several sets of lines, a workmen's train from Renfrew and an ordinary passenger train from Greenock ran alongside one another towards Glasgow for a considerable distance. It is not a common thing

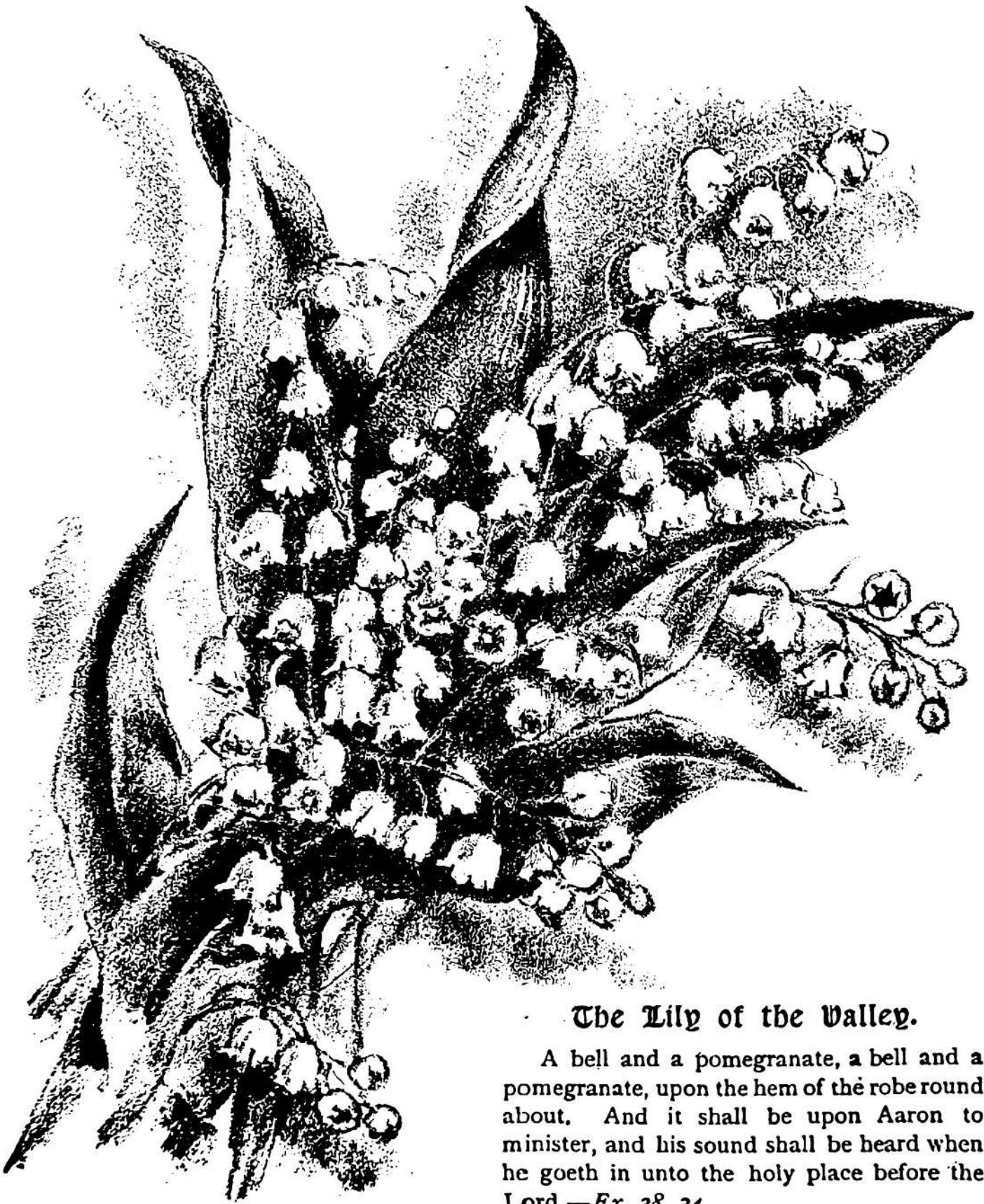
to see, and the people in both trains were much interested and amused. We all stood up and laughed, and as many as could looked out at the open windows. Then one man, happily inspired, held out his hand to another in the carriage opposite, and presently hands were stretched out and joined at almost every window from one end of each train to the other, and everybody was put into a good humour, for we saw that this thing was an allegory.

I saw an old Huguenot Communion Token the other day with these words on it:—



that is, *Love ye the one the other?* People who are fellow-pilgrims heavenward should not only love one another, but have as much fellowship and have it as often as they can. And if the other train is a swifter and a better appointed one than ours, let it not vex us, let us rather frankly own it and rejoice in it, and be like the little children one sees on our river steamers every summer day, who cheer the boats that outstrip theirs in the race.

"Onwards then," wrote Von Meltke, the Prussian General, to his brother, when as lads they were bidding each other good-bye for a time, "onwards then, and God grant that our ways may sometimes run so near that from time to time we may clasp each other's hands."



The Lily of the Valley.

A bell and a pomegranate, a bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord.—*Ex. 28, 34.*

*Some say they saw His Face, while I
Saw but His Skirts; yet every bell
Moved rhythmic, and I knew thereby
Our High Priest lives, and all is well.*

1	TH	I went and hid Thy talent in the earth.— <i>Matt. 25, 25.</i>
2	F	Take, therefore, the talent from him. Dr. Parker, the second Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, 1504-1575, left most of his books to his own College of Corpus Christi, with this proviso, that the collection should be examined each year on the 6th of August, and if twenty-five books were missing, or if they could not be found within six months, then the whole collection should pass over to Caius College, and thence, under similar circumstances, to Trinity Hall.
3	S	From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.
4	S	Do good to them that hate you.— <i>Matt. 5, 44.</i>
5	M	That ye may be the children of your Father Which is in heaven.
6	TU	For He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good,
7	W	And sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.
8	TH	For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?
9	F	Be ye therefore perfect,
10	S	Even as your Father Which is in heaven is perfect. "From my experience of public men I should say, that to give ungrudging help where no credit can be got from it is characteristic only of the noblest natures."— <i>Lord Farrer</i>
11	S	Our lamps are going out.— <i>Matt. 25, 8 (R.V.)</i> "I am better off than many—than most—of my contemporaries; and there is not much worth living for after seventy-four."— <i>More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald.</i>
12	M	O Lord, Thou hast taught me from my youth.— <i>Psa. 71, 17-21.</i>
13	TU	Hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.
14	W	Now also, when I am grey-headed, forsake me not.
15	TH	Thou shalt increase my greatness.
16	F	Moses said, (when he was 80) I will now turn aside, and see this great sight.— <i>Ex. 3, 3.</i>
17	S	When the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him.
18	S	They were all filled with the Holy Ghost,
19	M	And began to speak with other tongues.— <i>Acts 2, 4.</i>
20	TU	The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned,— <i>Is. 50, 4.</i>
21	W	That I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.
22	TH	And Moses said, O my Lord, I am not eloquent.— <i>Ex. 4, 10.</i>
23	F	And the Lord said, Who hath made man's mouth?—"I learned to read German—that priceless power."— <i>Sir James Paget, Bart.</i>
24	S	Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him.— <i>Mark 9, 25.</i>
25	S	I go to prepare a place for you.— <i>John 14, 2.</i>
26	M	"Flitting" week. My presence shall go with thee.— <i>Ex. 33, 14.</i>
27	TU	He hath determined the bounds of their habitation.— <i>Acts 17, 26.</i>
28	W	"The first evening in my new house, when my little household assembled for the first time, the words of Solomon in the dedication of the Temple, beseeching God's eyes to 'be open toward this house night and day' seemed to be specially applicable".— <i>1 Kings 8, 29—Maria Hare's Journal, 20th Oct., 1835.</i>
29	TH	They constrained Him, saying, Abide with us.— <i>Luke 24, 29.</i>
30	F	Then came Jesus, the doors being shut,
31	S	And stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.— <i>John 20, 26.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.

**The Latest
Amalgamation.**



Vol. XIV. for 1901, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

All the other Volumes are now out of print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

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Messrs James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition.

Thursday, 8th May, 1902.

Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. — Joel 3, 14.

NINETY years ago the town of La Guaira, the port of Caracas, in Venezuela, four hundred and sixty miles southwest of the island of Martinique, was destroyed by earthquake, and 12,000 persons perished in its ruins. The clock tower was one of the few buildings that were not overthrown, and for sixty years the hands of the clock were allowed to remain standing at 4.35, the hour at which God stopped them. In like manner, when people were able for the first time to enter St. Pierre on the day after the eruption of Mount Pelée, "to the stupefaction of all who were familiar with the spot," says the correspondent of the *London Times*, "the town clock remained intact as if to show the precise moment of the disaster, marking 7.50, and this deeply affected all who saw it."

Why God sends such death and ruin we cannot tell. The astronomer Kepler closes one of his books by saying he could well wait for a hundred years for a reader since

God had waited six thousand for an observer. Many a thing has God done that men have never looked at; many a thing they look at, and find fault with, and He is willing to wait for the full vindication of His character till that day when the secrets of all hearts, and all the secrets of His heart amongst them, shall be made known.

Meantime, is it not enough for us to know that *there is no unrighteousness with God?* for if there were, says Paul, "how then shall He judge the world?" Is it not more than enough to know that He who shakes terribly the earth is the same Lord Jesus Christ Who died for us upon the cross? For the world, with all that is therein, has been put into His hands as Mediator.

If we may judge by what happened nineteen years ago after the eruption of Krakatao in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, there will be sunsets of marvellous beauty, owing to the volcanic dust in the air, for months to come, and if we are spared to see them, we must hear God asking us, each time we look at them, to think of that hour, 7.50, when for so many thousands of our fellow-creatures the last sunrise had come, and there was no more *time*, for *eternity* had begun. Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly, He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.**A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.***(Continued from page 51.)*What
is thy
name?

Grizel.

Alexander Brodie of Brodie, a member of the Scottish Parliament and one of the Lords of Session, was one of the ablest men of his day in Scotland, and might have been one of the best, had he not been a time-server who tried to "carry his dish level," and "jouked in the cause of Christ." His two besetting sins, which he was always bewailing and always yielding to, were the love of money and the fear of man.

In his Diary, 22nd October, 1653, being a Saturday, he tells us how, after prayer and exhortation, he caused his daughter GRIZEL, then in her seventeenth year, to write out a Covenant with God. "This day," she wrote, "I desire to give up myself to God; it is my heart that I desire to give Him, and not my tongue only." Two months later, on a Monday, we find her writing: "This night my Father carried me before God for my forgetting the resolutions and promises which I made lately to God. This night I purposed against my sins, everyone of them; and will beseech the Lord's strength and grace for that effect, and that, for my former dealing with Him, He would not forsake me, but would forgive and heal for His Own Name's sake. For this end I employ, and believe in, the Lord Jesus Christ for all sufficient grace, without Whom I can do nothing: and that this night may be remembered I subscribe this, that it may be a witness for ever against me in this world, and at the Day of Judgment in the world to come." In the following September she was married to Sir Robert Dunbar of Grangehill. They had several children, concerning one of whom, when he was ten years old, we find this entry in his Grandfather's Journal: "Grangehill was here and my daughter to-night. I reprov'd them sharply for their son Rob., that had not learnt the Catechism." Of another son, James, we read in his Uncle's Diary in 1684: "I find in my nephew much dissoluteness, want of education, want of nurture: he has drunk in a great deal of evil." Poor Lady Dunbar had her own trials, and not the least of them seems to have been her loud voice and bad temper. The last thing we read about her in her brother's Diary is: "My sister in humor and carping at everything." But perhaps if we had had *her* Diary, we should have found another side to the story! One must not always believe what brothers say about their sisters.

In 1685 Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, took part in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and being captured along with the Earl of Argyll, was ignominiously conducted to Edinburgh by the hangman, bound and bareheaded. Twice a warrant for his execution was sent down from London, and twice his daughter GRIZEL, disguised as a highwayman, robbed the messenger of his bag as he was crossing the border, and by destroying the warrants, first delayed and then finally prevented

What
is thy
name?

Grizel.

her father's execution. She afterwards married a landed proprietor in Berwickshire, Kerr of Morriston. She died in 1747, after being a widow for seven-and-fifty years. Thomas Boston, who wrote the *Fourfold State*, was a frequent visitor at her house.

You will find some charming stories in Anderson's *Ladies of the Covenant* about GRIZELL HUME, who became wife of the son of the famous Covenanting martyr, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood. She was the eldest of the eighteen children of Sir Patrick Hume, afterwards Earl of Marchmont. Sir Patrick, during the persecution, had to hide for a time in a vault in the family burying place at Polwarth Church. Grizell used to take food to him at midnight. The only way she could get it, without exciting the suspicion of the servants, was by taking it off the table at meal times and hiding it. Her father—sensible man—liked sheep's head, and one day, while the children were supping their broth, she conveyed by stealth the greater part of one into her lap. One of her brothers, nine years of age, suddenly looking up, saw the big plate empty. "Mother," he cried, "will you look at Grizell? While we have been eating our broth, she has eaten the whole sheep's head."

Lady Baillie wrote some songs, the best known of which has for its refrain, "Were na my heart licht I wad dee." She lived to be almost eighty-one. Two days before her death, in 1746, being much concerned that her grandchildren should marry in the fear of the Lord, she said to them, "My dears, read the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs."

That the Lord may shew us the way wherein we may walk, and the thing that we may do.—Jer. 42, 3.

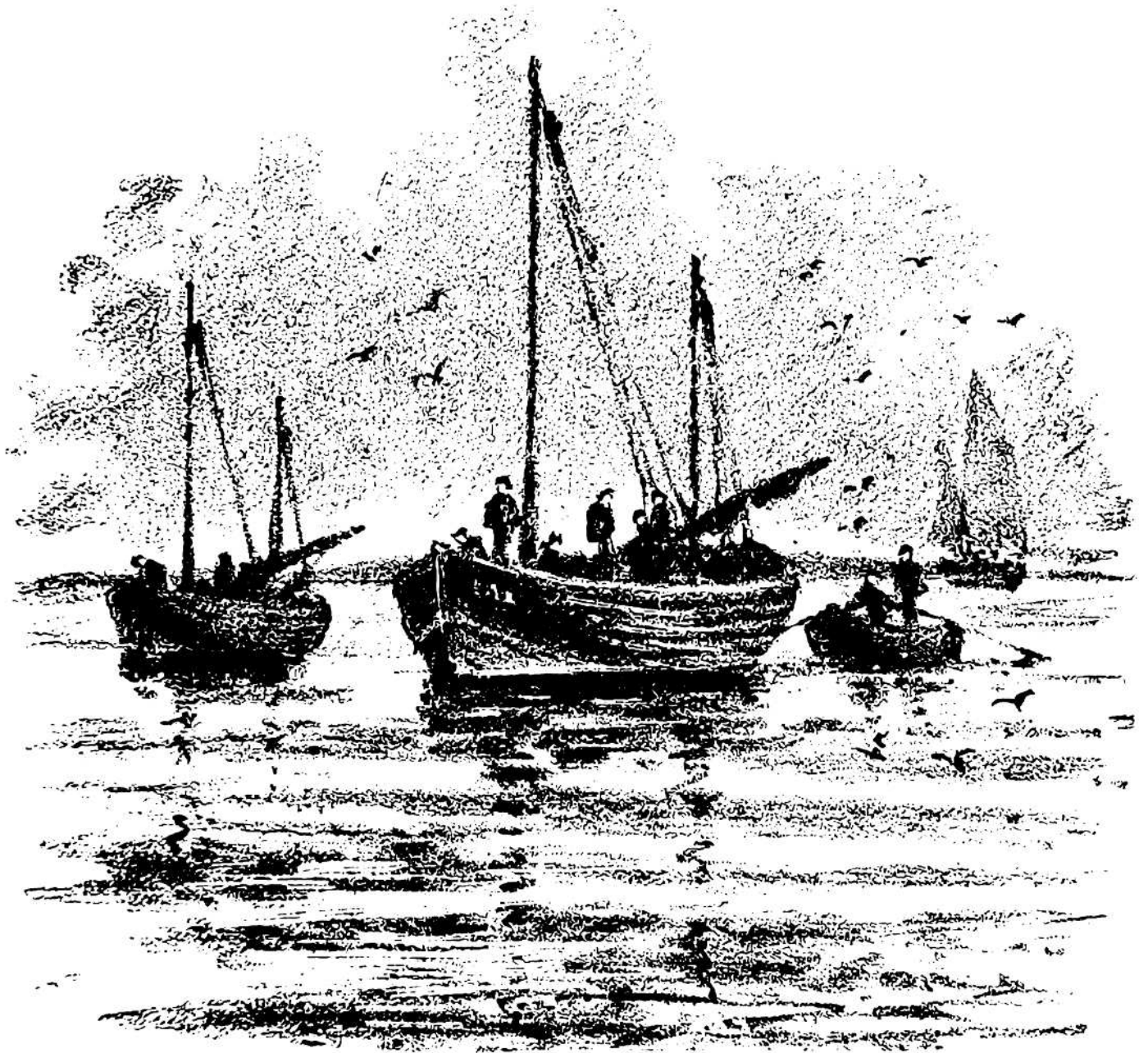
THOMAS HOG, 1628-1692, was a Covenanting minister who, when his health gave way, was at Archbishop Sharp's instigation shut up still more closely in the Bass Rock, and was so much improved in health thereby that he used to say merrily, "Commend me to Sharp for a good physician." He was once asked how one could best find out God's will in a time of difficulty.

"My practice," he said, "is—1. I labour to have my mind brought to a balance that my affections have no sway to one thing more than another. Then, 2. I labour to believe that I have to do with an

Infinite God Who searches the heart: and believing Him to be such, I cry that He may make a right choice for me, and order this Providence so that I may make a right choice. Then, 3. After I have with singleness committed the matter to the Lord, I take the most reasonable way of the two, and go on softly, crying, 'Lord, stop if Thou approve not': so, though I use the means, I wait for a stop, and so my dependence on God is still kept up."

These rules are not unlike those which the late Henry Drummond gave in answer to the same question, as the result of three years' study and experience; only, after bidding us Pray, and Think, and Talk to wise people, and Beware of the bias

Aberdeenshire Fishing Boats.

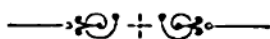


of our own will—but not to be too much afraid of it—and Do the next thing that needs to be done, he characteristically adds, “When decision and action are necessary, Go ahead, and Never reconsider the decision when it is finally acted on,” and as the result, “You will probably not find out till afterwards, perhaps long afterwards, that you have been led at all.”

*A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him,—
Prov. 17, 25.*

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago the Chamberlain at the Court of Charles VI. at Vienna was a wild youth, son of a wealthy nobleman, Count Hoditz. His coachman had orders never to give way to any person whatsoever. One

day, as he drove rapidly through the streets, his speed was suddenly checked by the leisurely progress of an old-fashioned carriage in front of him. He gave a nod to his coachman, who, instantly understanding his master's meaning, drove into the odd-looking vehicle and upset it. The Chamberlain then ordered him to pull up that he might see what curious kind of character it was on whom he had played this trick. Guess his astonishment when he saw his own venerable old father clambering with difficulty out of the overturned carriage! The old man had come, unknown to his son, to pay his respects to the Emperor, but chiefly to hear what his son was about, as no letter had come to him from him for a very long time.



Blind Cat's Buff.

I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.—Is. 42, 16.

THE other day I met a person walking very fast, and, as one always does in such cases, I stopped him and said, "You are in a hurry!"

"Yes, I'm going for Blind Cat's Buff."

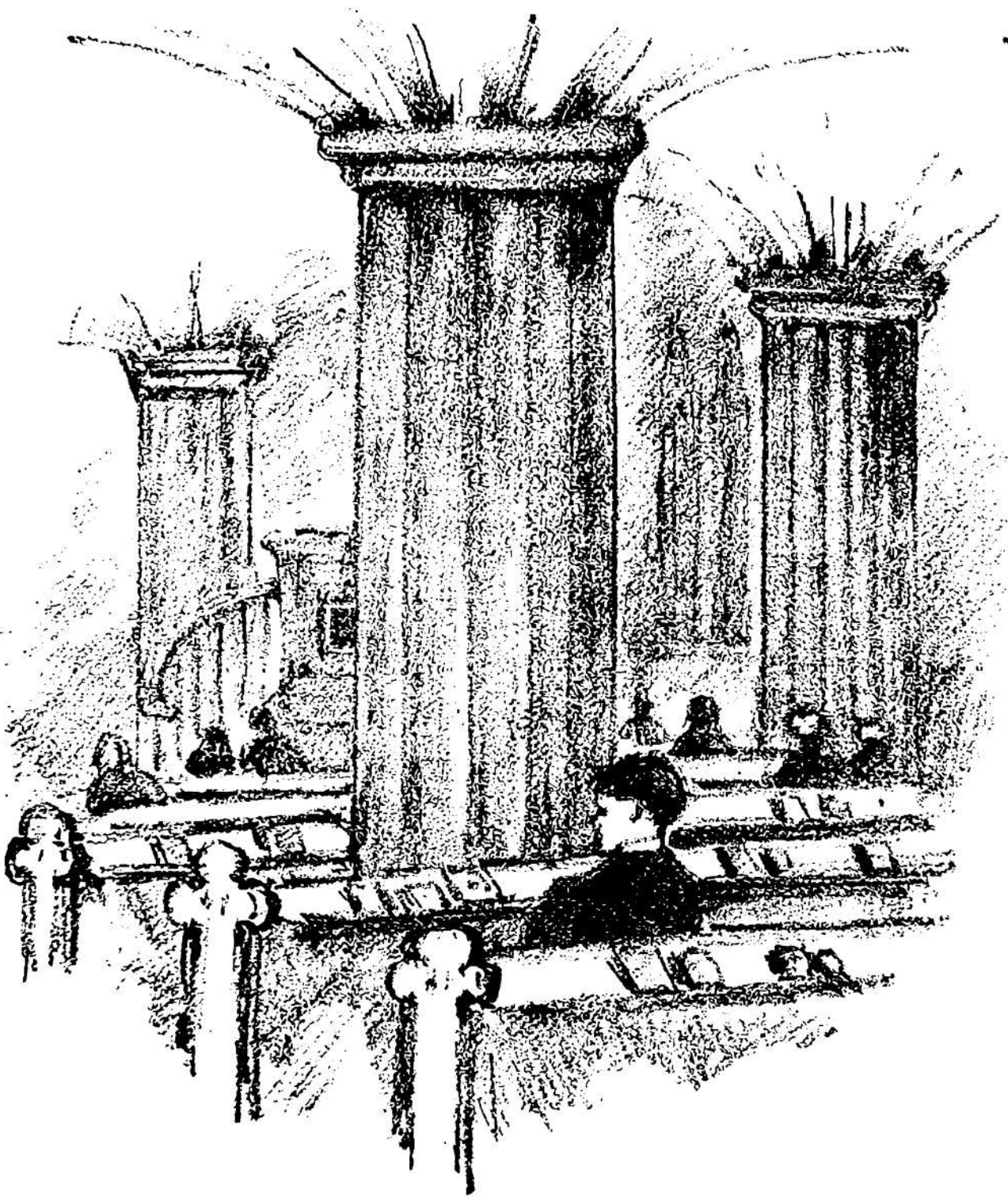
"I never heard of that game before," I said.

"Oh! it's not a game; it is a blind cat a friend of mine has, and I am anxious to get to the butcher's before he shuts at six, to get some

buff for it!" (Buff is the name we give to a bullock's or a sheep's lungs.) And then my friend and I both laughed, for he had done me nicely.

This cat, it seems, is only five or six years old, but it has now been blind for a long time. It is quite cheery and active, though it is touching, for instance, to see it feeling with its paw to see if the chair be there before it leaps off a table. Like blind folks amongst ourselves, Tibby has cultivated its sense of hearing, and can recognise its mistress's step when she enters the "close," and there are three stairs between her and it. Doubtless God does other things for it that you and I don't know and can't imagine. At any rate, it has not only all the promises that all animals have, it has those special ones that are given to the blind.

A lady told me lately that some years ago she got a hedgehog to keep down the cockroaches with which her kitchen had become infested. "Jacky" slept all day, and then went to his labour in the evening. But when the bell for worship rang, he came in with the maids and waited and—may we not say—worshipped with them and the rest of the household! How God speaks to cats and hedgehogs and all other creatures that He has made, and what He says to them, and what they say to Him, we do not know now, but we shall know hereafter. But doubtless there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our theology.



Our Inconsistencies.

That lad, when he goes to a Lecture, or any other public meeting on a week day, goes as far forward as he can, and tries to have the best possible view of everything, but when he goes to Church he invariably takes a seat where, as he complains afterwards, "he could neither see nor hear."

"Public Beds."

CHAPTER I.

MOST girls in our neighbourhood, when they make "beds" on the pavement for playing "pever," write their names in full at each end, with *Private Beds* above them. Sometimes they put, *Please take notice these are Private Beds*. But one day when Rachel Anderson was going to play she wrote *Public Beds*, and then, after a moment's thinking, seeing that to write her own name would be inconsistent with that, added no more. She meant at first to mark out only twelve beds, but went on to twenty, and then, as the fine stretch of dry pavement in the lane tempted her on, made thirty, which was the greatest number she had ever seen. She drew them carefully, and as she was good at making figures, they looked really well. Why should she not go on to forty? Forty once reached, to stop short of fifty was impossible. After surveying her workmanship, as no playmate turned up, she proceeded to do other ten, and then suddenly it occurred to her that till a hundred was reached there could be no finality—only she did not use that word. 70, 80, 90 were passed in turn, and then she grew excited. She wished she had some of her companions with her to be witnesses and sharers of her joy over the completion of her enterprise. 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, all followed, and then—

CHAPTER II.

When a woman in some of the

houses near the lane where Rachel was playing, if I may call such strenuous labour play, wishes her daughter to come into the house, something like this is what generally happens. She first knocks on the window, but no one pays any attention to that unless she is sure the knocking is on another girl's window, and then she says, "There's your mother wanting you, Jeanie Macfadyen." Jeanie affects not to hear. Up goes the window, and "Jeanie!" "JEANIE!" "JEANIE!" is shrieked with increasing energy and passion.

"What is't?" Jeanie cries out, turning half round but not moving one inch.

"Come in this minute!"

"Do you want me?" Jeanie answers, as if no supposition could possibly be less likely.

The same question and answer are repeated several times till at last the mother shrieks, "I'll let you see whether I want you or no, my lady," and then Jeanie goes with reluctant feet. After a vigorous slapping and a tempestuous rebuke she is sent an errand, and after being beaten on her return for loitering, she is forced down on a chair and told to move if she dares. Then the child makes piteous appeals betwixt her sobs to get out to play. More beatings and more sobbings. The mother, fearing at last that she has gone too far, says, "There's a piece and jelly." Jeanie flings it on the floor. Still more beatings and more heart-rending sobs! Then the mother, dreading she may lose her daughter, gives in at last, and says, "Well then, run away out and

play, and there's a penny to buy sweeties, and give your ma a kiss, and see and be a good lassie." "Jeanie will get sense as she grows older," her mother says to herself, though her own history lends no countenance to such a hope.

Mrs. Anderson, on the other hand, that is Rachel's mother, had so trained her children—to the mingled envy and astonishment of all her neighbours—that the very instant she tapped on the window, or held up her hand, they obeyed her.

99 had just been written, I have said, when Rachel—heard a tap! and almost before she had time to think she had turned to run home. None the less it was a disappointment to her, and when her mother, who would almost have forgiven a moment's delay for once, said, "Never mind, Rachel, you'll do the hundred some other time, she felt the least little bit inclined to cry. Bearded men before now have felt sore over a score of 99 at cricket for years and years. They would rather have made o.

But Rachel never finished that 100.

CHAPTER III.

Now you expect me to tell you that she awoke next morning with a high temperature, and that she sickened and died. But that is not what happened.

An old friend of her mother's had called to tell them that she had got a letter from her son, whose ship had been wrecked some weeks before on the reefs near Key West in the

United States. Now it was a rule in the Anderson household that whenever they met a word whose meaning they didn't know, the dictionary was looked up at once, or if some unknown place was mentioned, the atlas was produced, and nothing else was done till the place was found. When Key West was mentioned, therefore, Rachel must get the map and she and her sister Beatrix and their brother Tom set to to see who could find Key West first. Beatrix began away north at the State of Maine, while Rachel began at Texas. Tom, looking here and there, found it, but only by chance, and accordingly called his sisters two sillies, and said they didn't know how to look.

CHAPTER IV.

Two or three days after, a ship captain, a former pupil, visited the school that Rachel attended, and asked permission from the master to test some of the higher classes in geography. He had strong views about the teaching of that science. He himself, he said, had spent many a weary day when a boy learning the names of insignificant towns and lakes and tributaries here and there that he had never heard of any more. "Now," he said, "here is to-day's newspaper; turn up the shipping-list, read out the names you find there; these are the places worth knowing, and see if your class knows where they are, and I'll give a sixpence to any boy or girl that answers 75 per cent. The master consenting, though somewhat unwillingly, a good bit of the list was read out, about twenty names in all.

The children wrote each name on their slates, and then got ten minutes to fill in the answers. Most of them had written all they knew in three. The last two ports read out were Galveston and Pensacola, and the Captain himself felt that the test was too severe.

"Has any one answered ten?" he called out. Three boys and two girls stood up.

"Any of you, twelve?" Two of the boys and one of the girls sat down.

"Either of you fifteen?" The other boy sat down, and Rachel was left alone.

"How many have you answered?"

"I've done them all, sir."

"Shew me your slate then."

So the slate was handed to him, the master looking on with fear and wonder, for he knew he couldn't have answered all the questions himself. "You are a clever lassie," said the

Captain when he was done, "but how in all the world did you know that Galveston and Pensacola were in the Gulf of Mexico?"

"I was looking up another place in the map the other night, sir," she replied, "and I noticed these two names."

"Well," said the Captain, "when I offered a sixpence for anyone that could answer 75 per cent., I was afraid I should have to keep my sixpence to myself, but you deserve two, and I'm glad to give you them, for your per centage is 100, and your master has a right to be very proud of you."

But her mother was prouder still that afternoon when Rachel went home with her shilling-piece. "The 100 has come after all," she said, "and maybe if you had waited to get it the other night in the lane, you wouldn't have got it to-day in the school!"





Girls that have Something still to Learn.

FOURTH SERIES.—No. 4.

*The Girl that wears clothes that are not
paid for.*

THAT is the fourth hat Lizzie Nisbet has got that is not paid for, and she knows that, and is not ashamed. I am very sorry,

for she is a bonnie lassie and I hoped she would turn out well. But she is evidently going the road her mother went before her. She is sure to get a husband, for she has a plausible way with her, but her debts and her lies and her insolence and pride will break his heart and, if God prevent not, drive him into sin.

1	S	The Lord put the man into the garden to dress it.— <i>Gen. 2, 15.</i>
2	M	Man goeth forth unto his work.— <i>Ps. 104, 23.</i>
3	TU	In all labour there is profit.— <i>Prov. 14, 23.</i>
4	W	Thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands.— <i>Ps. 128, 2.</i> “It was a most wholesome discipline to learn from childhood that whatever is wanted must be earned.”— <i>Sir Walter Besant's Autobiography.</i>
5	TH	It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.— <i>Lam. 3, 27.</i>
6	F	The hands of the slothful refuse to labour.— <i>Prov. 21, 25.</i>
7	S	Study to be quiet and to work with your hands.— <i>1 Thess. 4, 11.</i>
8	S	Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee.— <i>Matt. 26, 69.</i>
9	M	Antipas, My faithful one, My witness, who was killed among you.— <i>Rev. 2, 13 (R. V.)</i> “Confessors are martyrs in the bud.”— <i>Thomas Fuller.</i>
10	TU	A faithful witness will not lie.— <i>Prov. 14, 5.</i>
11	W	Whosoever shall confess me before men,
12	TH	Him will I confess also before My Father.— <i>Matt. 10, 32.</i>
13	F	If we deny Him,
14	S	He also will deny us.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 12.</i>
15	S	Be wise now therefore, O ye Kings.— <i>Ps. 2, 10.</i>
16	M	Serve the Lord with fear,
17	TU	And rejoice with trembling,
18	W	Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish in the way.
19	TH	He removeth Kings.— <i>Dan. 2, 21.</i> “The Czar’s arm is long, but it does not reach to heaven.”— <i>Russian Proverb.</i>
20	F	By Me Kings reign.— <i>Prov. 8, 15.</i> “The Czar’s ukase is worthless, unless God says Amen.”
21	S	Prince of Tyrus, thine heart is lifted up; yet thou art a man, and not God.— <i>Ezek. 28, 2.</i> “Even the Czar’s ox has but two horns.”
22	S	There is another King, one Jesus.— <i>Acts 17, 7.</i>
23	M	I have set My King upon My holy hill of Zion.— <i>Ps. 2, 6.</i>
24	TU	Fear not, daughter of Zion: behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass’s colt.— <i>John 12, 15.</i>
25	W	Pilate therefore said unto Him, Art Thou a King then?— <i>ch. 18, 37.</i>
26	TH	And He bearing His cross went forth unto a place which is called Golgotha: where they crucified Him, and two other with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.
27	F	And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS.— <i>ch. 19, 17.</i>
28	S	But we see Jesus because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour, that by the grace of God He should taste death for every man.— <i>Heb. 3, 9. (R. V.)</i>
29	S	Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.— <i>1 Tim. 1, 17.</i>
30	M	Faithful is the saying: For if we died with Him, we shall also live with Him: if we endure, we shall also reign with Him.— <i>3 Tim. 2, 12.</i> This last sentence, nine words in English, but only two in Latin, <i>Compassi commiserabimur</i> , was the motto of the Bohemian Protestant nobility in the times of persecution.

July, 1902.

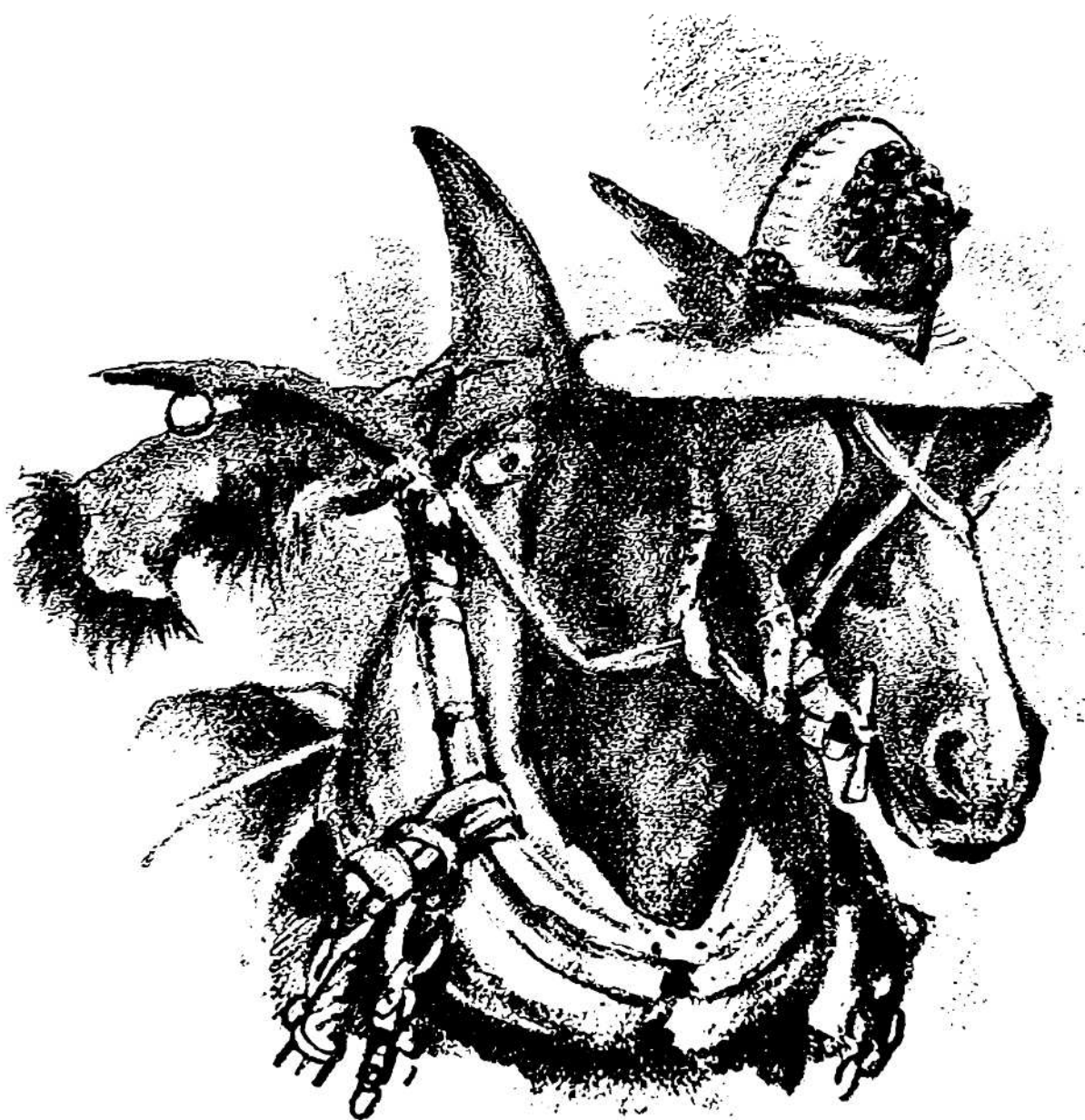
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 7.



*Recevez mes Salutations
De la Côte d'Azur !*

"The horses here wear straw hats in the hot weather; 'a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.'"—Postcard from the South of France.

Vol. XII. for 1901, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

All the other Volumes are now out of print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Messrs James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition.

Thus saith the Lord, A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not.—Jer. 31, 15; Numb. 3, 39-43; Judges 21, 2.

DURING the late war there have died from all causes in South Africa upwards of *twenty-two thousand* British soldiers, all of them, to use the phrase of the prophet Ezekiel, "all of them desirable young men." The words of the old Scottish Ballad come home to us with awful force:

Oh! woe unto these cruel wars
That ever they began,

For they have reft my native isle
Of many a pretty man.

Twenty-two thousand! Just the number of all the firstborn males in Israel who were passed over and spared, that night on which God passed through the land of Egypt and smote the eldest in every family, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat upon his throne even unto the firstborn of the maid that was behind the mill. Twenty-two thousand! Just the number of the males that were that same hour in the whole tribe of Levi, from a month old, and upward.

"And the people came to the house of God, and abode there till even before God, and lifted up their voices, and wept sore; and said, O Lord God of Israel, why is this come to pass in Israel, that there should be to-day one tribe lacking in Israel?"

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 64.)

What
is thy
name?

Grizel.

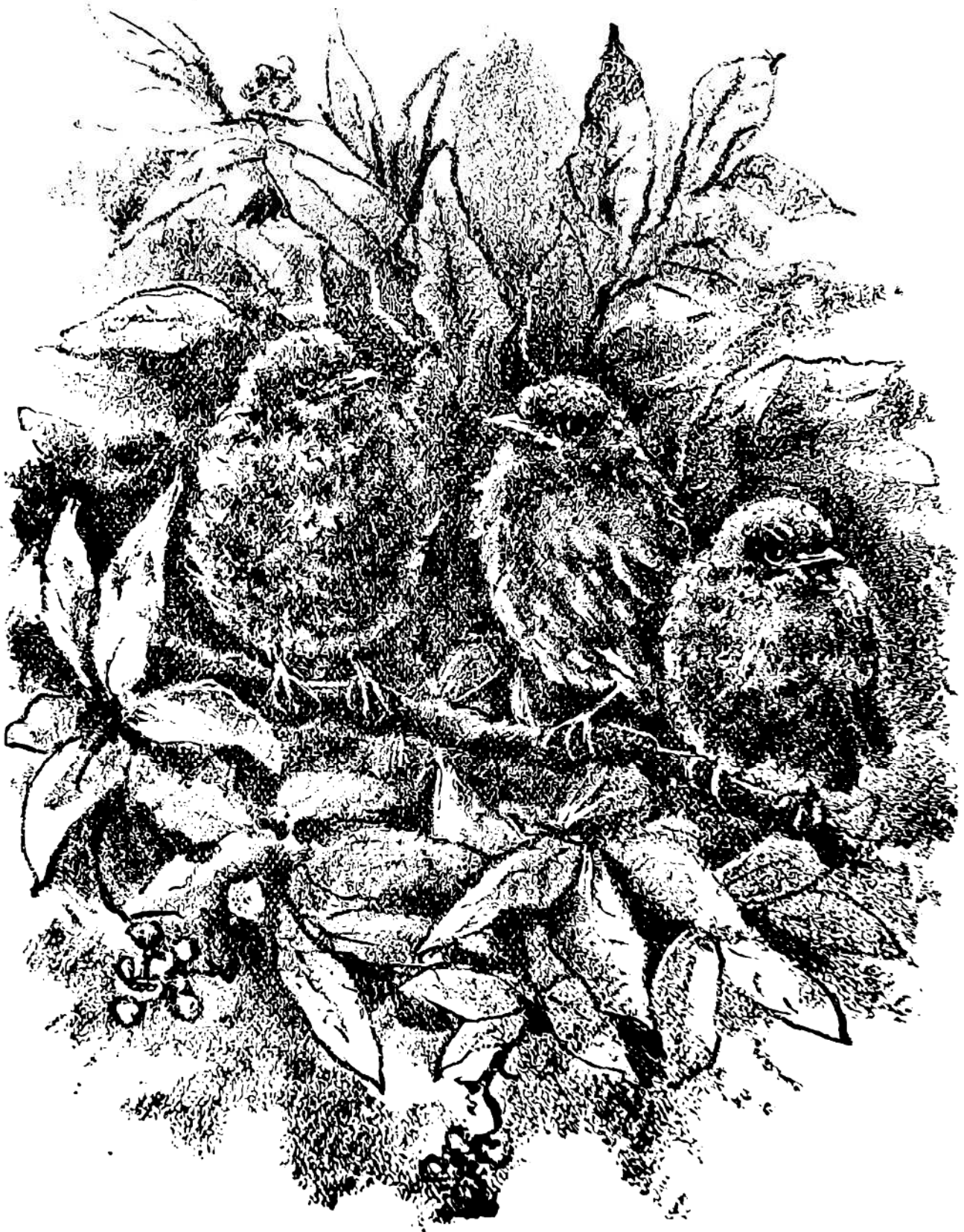
James Nimmo, whose "Narrative written for his own satisfaction to keep in some remembrance the Lord's way, dealing, and kindness towards him," 1654-1709, has been published by the Scottish History Society, was one of the Covenanters who fought at Bothwell Bridge. He married Elizabeth Brodie, a relative of the Brodies mentioned page 63. They had a daughter GRIZEL who, as a little girl, was much troubled with doubts about the existence of God. "I seldom went to prayer," she says, "but that word did run through my mind—'To the Unknown God.'" She married a Mr. Hogg, merchant and banker in Edinburgh, who, when he failed in business, was advised by some of his friends to conceal some of his books and papers. But the worthy man, strengthened no doubt by his wife, resisted the temptation. "I think," he says, "I got a look to the Lord with my soul when they were talking about this—a look above means and instruments to Himself, and He will mitigate and moderate the trial." He afterwards prospered, and has left descendants to this day.

What
is thy
name?

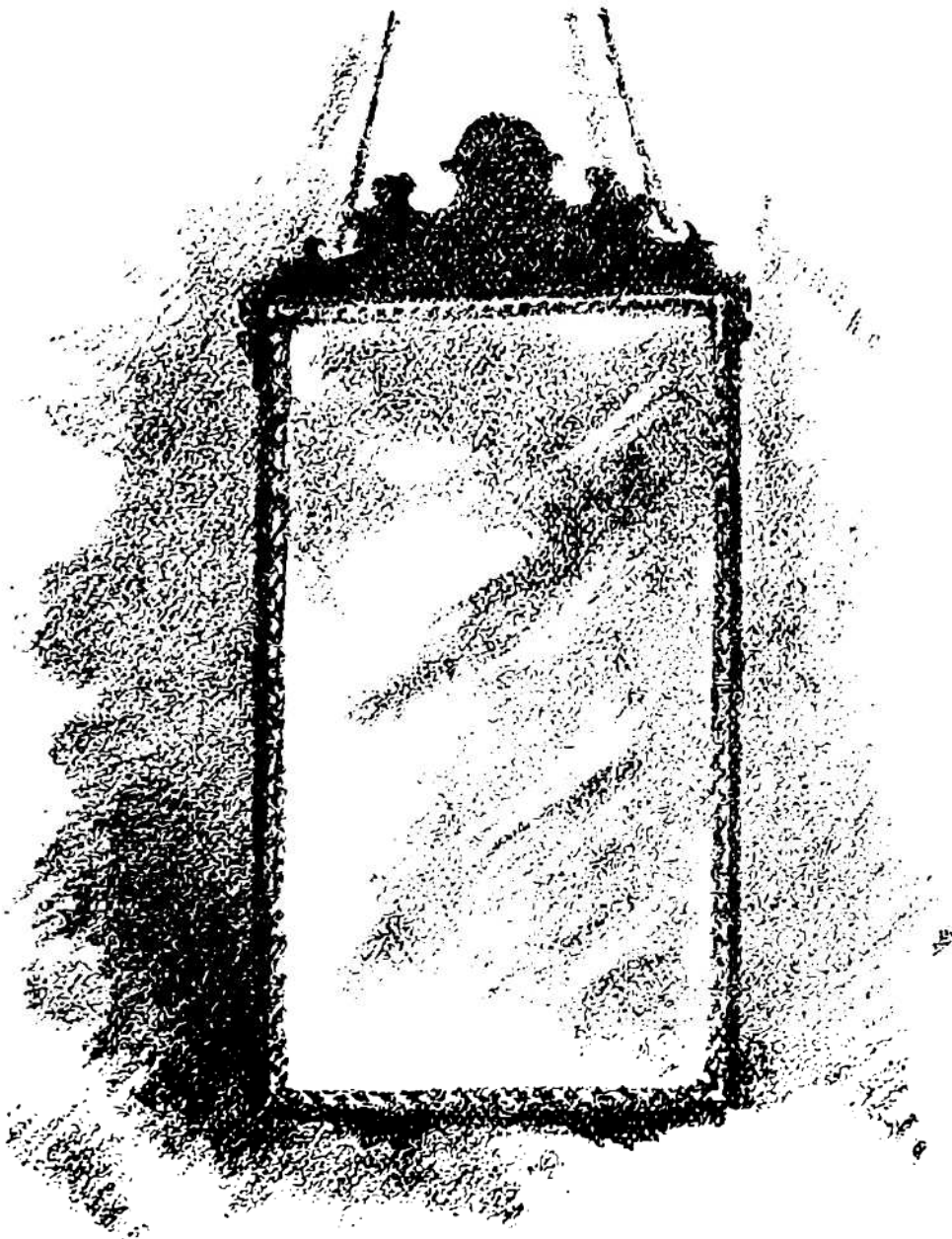
Grizel.

GRIZEL is the heroine of two of Mr. Barrie's books. She had a bad, bad father, and a poor unhappy woman for her mother, and the boys of the village used to taunt her about her birth, and their mothers—and I am ashamed to say one has seen this often even amongst women whom one would call good—restrained them not. Remember that it is a cruel low thing to cast up to a child its father's or its mother's sin. The boys used to waylay Grizel and torment her, but run she would not. "She walked off leisurely with her head in the air, and her dignity was beautiful, except once when she made the mistake of turning round to put out her tongue." She was brave, and yet she did not know it. "I only pretend to be brave; I am often frightened, but I just don't let on," which, as the good doctor told her, is the highest form of bravery. At the annual "fair" she bought a doll just because it had a broken leg, she "felt so sorry for it, the darling." When she baked, "between her big bannocks she made baby ones, for no better reason than that she was so fond of babies; and she kissed the baby ones and said, "Oh, the loves, they are just sweet!" and she felt for them when Tommy took a bite. "She could go so quickly between the board and the girdle that she was always at one end of the course or the other, but never gave you time to say at which end, and on the limited space round the fire she could balance such a number of bannocks that they were as much a wonder as the Lord's Prayer written on a sixpence. Such a vigilant eye she kept on them, too, that they dared not fall. Yet she had never been taught to bake; a good-natured neighbour had now and again allowed her to look on. . . . Best of all was to see Grizel 'redding-up' on Saturday afternoon. The children were shut up in the box-bed to be out of the way, and could scarce have told whether they fled thither or were wrapped into it by her energetic arms. Even Aaron dared not cross the floor until it was sanded. 'I believe,' he said, trying to jest, 'you would like to shut me up in the bed too!' 'I should just love it,' she cried, eagerly; 'will you go?' It is an inferior woman," adds Mr. Barrie, "who has a sense of humour when there is a besom in her hand." "Grizel was never known to lie." Her great terror was lest she should turn out bad. What ought she to do! she asked Blinder, a wise man, so called from his blindness. "Never keep company with ill men," he said. "Like the man who made mamma wicked?" she asked. "Ay," he replied, "fly from the like o' him, my lass, though it should be to the other end of the world." . . . "But how am I to know that he is that kind of man?" "You'll know," Blinder answered, after thinking it over, "if you like him and fear him at one breath, and have a sort of secret dread that he is getting a power over you that you canna resist."

A short time ago I had a conversation with a dying woman. She had no friends, and was glad to have some one to tell the story of her life to. When she had gone on for a little time, she said, "Have you read Mr. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*?" "Yes," I said, "I've read it six or seven times." "I'm glad of that," she replied, "for I bless Mr Barrie every day for writing about Grizel."



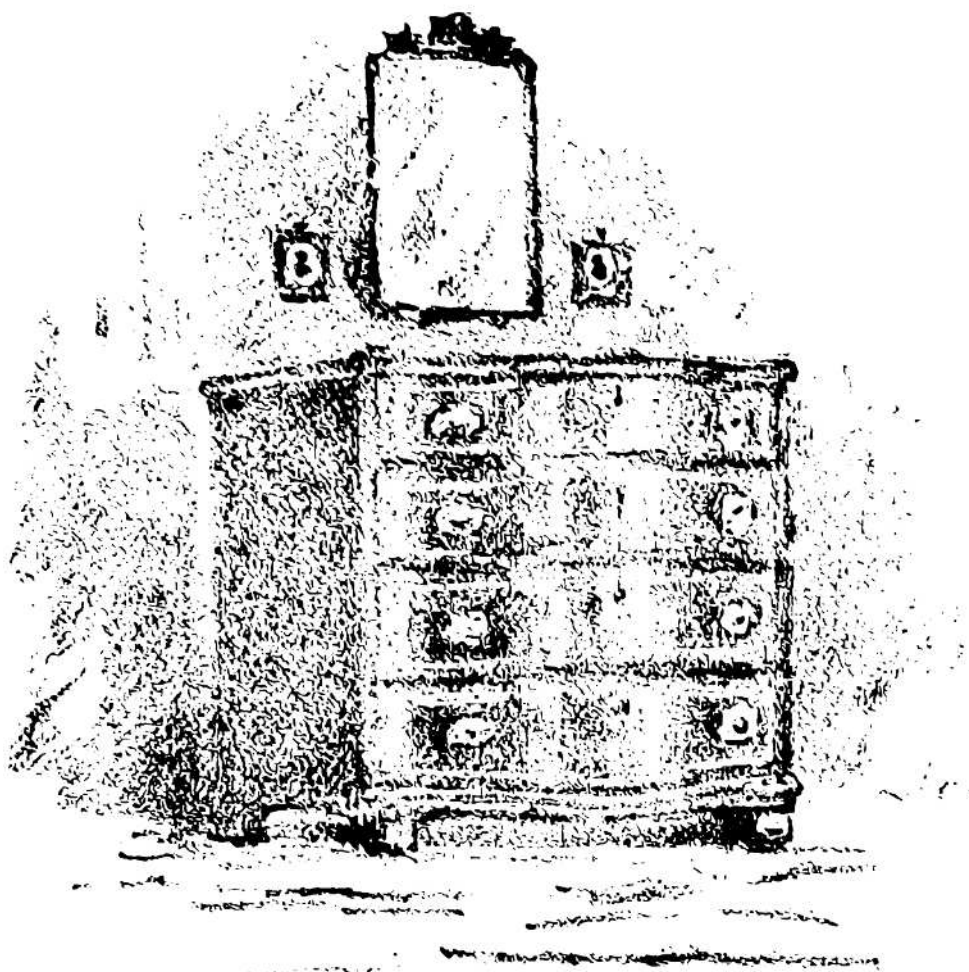
These three young Robins have felt the cold and wet a little trying. They were much cosier, they say, when they were in their shells, "and yet there is no denying it is a bonnie world."



The Old Mirror.

THE Mirror was a hundred years old and more, and the Chest of Drawers was little less. How long they stood in the same room I can't tell, but I know that sixty years ago when the old house in Fifeshire was broken up, they were separated. The Mirror went with a married brother, and the Drawers with a married sister. The brother

and the sister are a long time gone now, and their children, and some of their children's children, and through one thing and another, the Mirror and the Drawers found themselves in the same room in a new house the other day. They looked long at one another, but said nothing. Three days afterwards the Drawers were opened by a lady, and their contents laid on the floor. The Mirror was greatly



excited and the Drawers no less so. Old memories began to revive and multiply upon them both.

"Have we not met before?" said the Mirror.

"We have."

"Where?" You see, the images of things had flitted across the Mirror's face; where to, I don't know. But the Chest of Drawers was full of diaries and note-books, and the realities of things, and not simply their images. So the Drawers could answer at once—"It was in Mrs. Auchinvole's we met; we lived there years and years. That's her portrait in the Album;

it is a photograph of the old painting."

The Mirror looked for a moment, and then, but where from, or how, I don't understand, but a whole crowd, an unceasing crowd, of memories began to come to it. "These are Georgie Auchinvole's baby shoes on the bed. Where is Georgie now?"

"He was drowned," said the Drawers, "in Ceylon nine-and-thirty years ago."

"And Richard Auchinvole?"

"It is five-and-forty years now since he was killed at the siege of Delhi."

"And little Tom?"

"Shot in the trenches before Sebastopol two years earlier."

"And their baby cousin, Willie Heriot?"

"Lost in the Bay of Biscay in the *Captain* two-and-thirty years ago."

"And his brother Ralph?"

"Died of fever four years after him, in the Ashanti War."

"And their big brother, Peregrine?"

"He died in China, and his son was killed at Isandula in 1879, and that son's only son at the Modder River just thirty months ago."

"And bonnie Mary Maitland?"

"Dead."

"And Susan Creighton?"

"Dead."

"And Lady Betty Haig?"

"Dead."

"Georgina Goudie?"

"Dead."

"Rachel Abercrombie?"

"Dead."

"And Elsie Brodie, and Catharine Donaldson, and Jeanie Durie? Are they dead too?"

"Ay, all dead, and Jeanie's daughter's dead, and her two sons are dead, and her last grandson died a month ago."

"That's a lot of people dead!"

"Yes, but think of this—that, since you and I parted, at least two thousand million people have been born and died."

"But I don't know what two thousand million means."

"It means two thousand times ten hundred times ten hundred."

"I don't understand that either,

but the word 'dead' puzzles me still more. What does it mean?"

"Yes, and it puzzles me, too; they are gone that were so full of life; and you and I that seemed to be dead things all along are left behind them."

The Mirror and the Drawers said no more that day, but early next morning the Mirror began again.

"Four days before I came here, before I was packed in straw in a big box, I was put on a chair, and a beautiful old lady was led into the room. She wore a widow's cap over the prettiest grey hair I ever saw, and a white Shetland shawl on her shoulders. There was something about her that seemed familiar to me, but she had no eyes, and yet before she left the room there were tears on her cheeks. It was a young lady who led her in, oh so gently! 'This is the Old Looking Glass, Grannie, that is going away.' And then the old lady put out her hands and felt me all over. I never knew before how soft and kindly a human hand could be; I simply can't describe it, but her touch seemed to go through me as nothing else in my life has ever done. And then she knelt down and prayed. I wonder who she was, for I'm sure I ought to know."

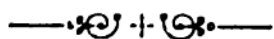
"Do you remember Prudence King?"

"What! little Prue? I remember the first time I ever saw her; she was then a little girl, and she was wearing a white cambric pelisse. She spent three months every summer in our house. I could tell

you the dresses she wore during every visit—the delaines, the lovely prints, and what was it they called a kind of cape—oh yes, a pelerine! And I remember the morning she was married, for she was married from our house, and I am sure I never saw a lovelier creature than she was that day. After the marriage she and her husband, Captain Pringle, came into the room, and they knelt and prayed together, and then they rose and stood opposite me and looked at one another in the glass, and the tears were in her eyes, and yet she looked so happy, and well she might. . . . You don't mean to say that that blind old lady I spoke of was any relative of Prudence King's?"

"Yes, I do, and I say more. That old lady is little Prudence King! She has been a widow for seven-and-sixty years. She will be ninety-three next month, and she has been blind five years."

"The Mirror was silent for a long time after that, and then it said, 'Are you listening? You and I were saying yesterday that we had no idea what *death* was. I really believe we know as little what *life* is, and which of the two is the more solemn I can't tell.'"



Of him shall the Son of man be ashamed.
—Mark 8, 38.

CHAPTER I.

THAT was the text of the first sermon Mr. Daniel Kinross heard in Scotland on his return after twenty-seven years' absence in

New Zealand. Some liked the sermon, and were kept more than once from sin during the week by the memory of it. Mr. Kinross, however, didn't seem to see what the preacher was aiming at, and even forgot the text before he was half-way home. But he remembered it before the week was out, when he was not quite so full of himself as he had been that Sabbath morning.

The friends he met in Edinburgh were anxious to hear about investments and securities, but he could talk about nothing else but his approaching visit to his sister Jean in Greenock. Mrs. Fletcher, he told them repeatedly, had five extraordinarily fine children, four sons and a daughter, and he was longing to see both her and them.

On Thursday forenoon he landed in our town at Princes Pier. As he had sent her no warning, and had formed no definite plans, he left his bag at the station. On the quay he found a boy who undertook to put him on his way to Ardlui Street. The boy said his father was dead and that his mother was in the Infirmary. He himself sold papers and carried luggage to the steamers, and so kept himself and his two little brothers. When he came near Ardlui Street the boy said he must run back to be in time for the twelve o'clock boat. Mr. Kinross gave him a shilling and told him he would never regret being kind to his mother, and he was to remember that a boy could honour his father even though his father was dead.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Fletcher was greatly astonished at seeing her brother. "And where were the children?" "All at school, and they wouldn't be home till after four, but they had an interval from half-past twelve till half-past one, and if he was so anxious to see them, she could take a run up with him and he might possibly see some of them in the playground."

"Well, would you believe it," she said that night to her husband, "when I looked through the railings there was Johnnie and Jimsie fighting and tearing each other's hair out and a crowd round them. I don't know how I managed it, but I was *that affronted*"—of course I know that that is bad grammar—she should have said, "so much affronted," but I am only giving her own words—"I was that affronted that I said to Daniel he must excuse me, but I had to take your dinner to the yard after one, and I would be back a little after two."

After separating the two boys and getting kicked on the shins for his pains, Mr. Kinross loitered about till a lady came who, he was told, had charge of the Infant Department. He told her he had come from abroad, and had heard great things about new methods of teaching children. Might he come in for half-an-hour?

When the roll was called, two of the nicest little lassies in the class were reported to have gone home; another girl had scratched their faces and torn their hats, because

they had said she was a-loss at the skipping-ropes.

"Come out here, Danielina," said the teacher, and at the sound of the name Mr. Kinross blushed. He remembered how angry he was when his sister wrote to him that they had called their little daughter Danielina after him. "Did you ever hear such a ridiculous name?" said the teacher. "Her mother called her that after some rich bachelor uncle in New Zealand. She is always saying that if that uncle does his duty, Danielina will have a good tocher when she marries."

"I hope the rich uncle will both know his duty and do it," was all that Mr. Kinross said.

"That girl," said the teacher, "is never out of mischief. Talk about a den of lions! a den of lions is a nest of turtle doves compared with our playground ever since the children of that family came to this school."

After a little Mr. Kinross was asked to go and see a still younger class at *Kindergarten* work. As he entered the room the teacher was saying, "Oh Kinross! Kinross! but you are a troublesome boy. Come out and stand here."

When our friend was introduced, he remarked to the teacher that he was sorry to see a namesake of his own in disgrace. "Was Kinross a common name in the West?" "Oh no! that's only his first name. He's Kinross Fletcher; his mother says he is called after a rich uncle either in India or the States, I don't remember which, but he has any

amount of money, she says, and no family of his own to leave it to."

CHAPTER III.

When Mr. Kinross returned to his sister's after lunching in town, he found the four children awaiting his arrival, and now he got a third and fourth blow. He recognized the two eldest at once. "O ho! Jean," he said, "you didn't tell me that those two gentle shepherds we saw fighting were your two boys. But I can't blame you; the situation was certainly an awkward one."

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Fletcher went out, and ten minutes afterwards came back to say it was her eldest boy just home from school; he was still dux, and would have been home sooner but for a gentleman who had asked him to direct him to Tobago St. and had given him a penny for showing him the way. He had meant to bring home the penny to his little sister, but he had given it to a blind man on the road. Alec was a real kindhearted boy. He would be in in a minute when he had washed his face.

Mr. Kinross was immensely pleased. There was hope of the family yet. If the eldest boy turned out well, the others were almost sure to follow in his steps.

But when Alec came in, alas! I don't know whether his or his uncle's countenance fell the more. Alec was the fatherless boy with the mother in the Infirmary whom he had met on the quay five hours before!

After a few minutes' silence Mr. Kinross said more sadly than bitterly, "They are a promising lot, Jean." Whereupon their mother broke down, and said she didn't understand how they had all been so bad that day, of all the days in the year, too, for ordinarily they were good children, no better children going, though she said it that was their mother.

"Well, Jean," was his answer, "if they have been good children hitherto, the sooner you stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance the better."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Kinross returned to Edinburgh that night. Since then his friends have noticed, and he notices that they have noticed, that every time they ask him about his sister's children, he instantly changes the subject, and begins to talk about the torpedo catchers he saw in the harbour, or the beauty of the West-End of Greenock—the prettiest town he thinks he ever saw. Once he was asked point blank if the young Fletchers were the extraordinary fine children they had been reported, and they noticed that he flushed and said, "They certainly are a most uncommon family. But by-the-by, did I tell you about the two wonderful Turbine steamers I saw?"

He has spent a good deal of his time alone since then, and he has often said to himself, "I wonder if Christ is as much ashamed of me as I am of my sister Jean, and her Alec, and Johnnie, and Jimsie, and Danielina, and Kinross!"



The tillage of the poor.—Prov. 13, 23.

1	TU	At that time Berodach-baladan sent letters and a present unto Hezekiah.
2	W	Then said Isaiah, What said these men? and from whence came they?
3	TH	What have they seen in thy house?
4	F	And he answered, There is nothing among my treasures that I have not showed them.
5	S	And Isaiah said, Hear the word of the Lord. Behold the days come, that nothing shall be left.— <i>2 Kings 20, 12.</i>

6	S	The most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar a kingdom, and majesty,
7	M	But when his mind was hardened in pride,
8	TU	He was deposed from his kingly throne,
9	W	And they took his glory from him.— <i>Dan. 5, 18.</i>
10	TH	The kings assembled themselves, they hasted away.— <i>Psa. 48, 4-5 (R. V.)</i>
11	F	The terrible one is brought to nought.— <i>Is. 29, 20.</i>
12	S	He departed without being desired.— <i>2 Chron. 22, 20.</i> When the Dauphin of France, Louis XV.'s son, was on his deathbed at Fontainebleau, he could see the Court carriages getting ready to leave the moment he was gone.

13	S	God kept His people as the apple of His eye.— <i>Deut. 32, 10-29.</i>
14	M	But Jeshurun (a pet name for Israel) waxed fat, and kicked :
15	TU	Of the Rock that begat thee thou art unmindful.
16	W	O that they would consider their latter end !
17	TH	Amalek was the first of the nations ; but his latter end shall be that he perish for ever.— <i>Numb. 24, 20.</i>
18	F	Go unto My place which was in Shiloh, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of My people.— <i>Jer. 7, 12.</i>
19	S	I will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.— <i>Rev. 2, 5.</i>

20	S	The counsel of Ahithophel was as if a man had enquired at the oracles of God.
	M	— <i>2 Sam. 16, 23.</i>
21		And Absalom said, The counsel of Hushai is better.— <i>ch. 17, 14.</i>
22	TU	For the Lord had appointed to defeat the good counsel of Ahithophel.
23	W	The counsel of the Lord, that shall stand.— <i>Prov. 19, 21.</i>
24	TH	The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.— <i>1 Cor. 3, 19.</i>
25	F	Yet He also is wise.— <i>Is. 31, 2.</i>
26	S	The Lord shall have them in derision.— <i>Psa. 2, 4.</i> "It can never be too often repeated, that war, however adorned by splendid strokes of skill, is commonly a series of errors and accidents."— <i>Sir W. Napier's Peninsular War.</i>

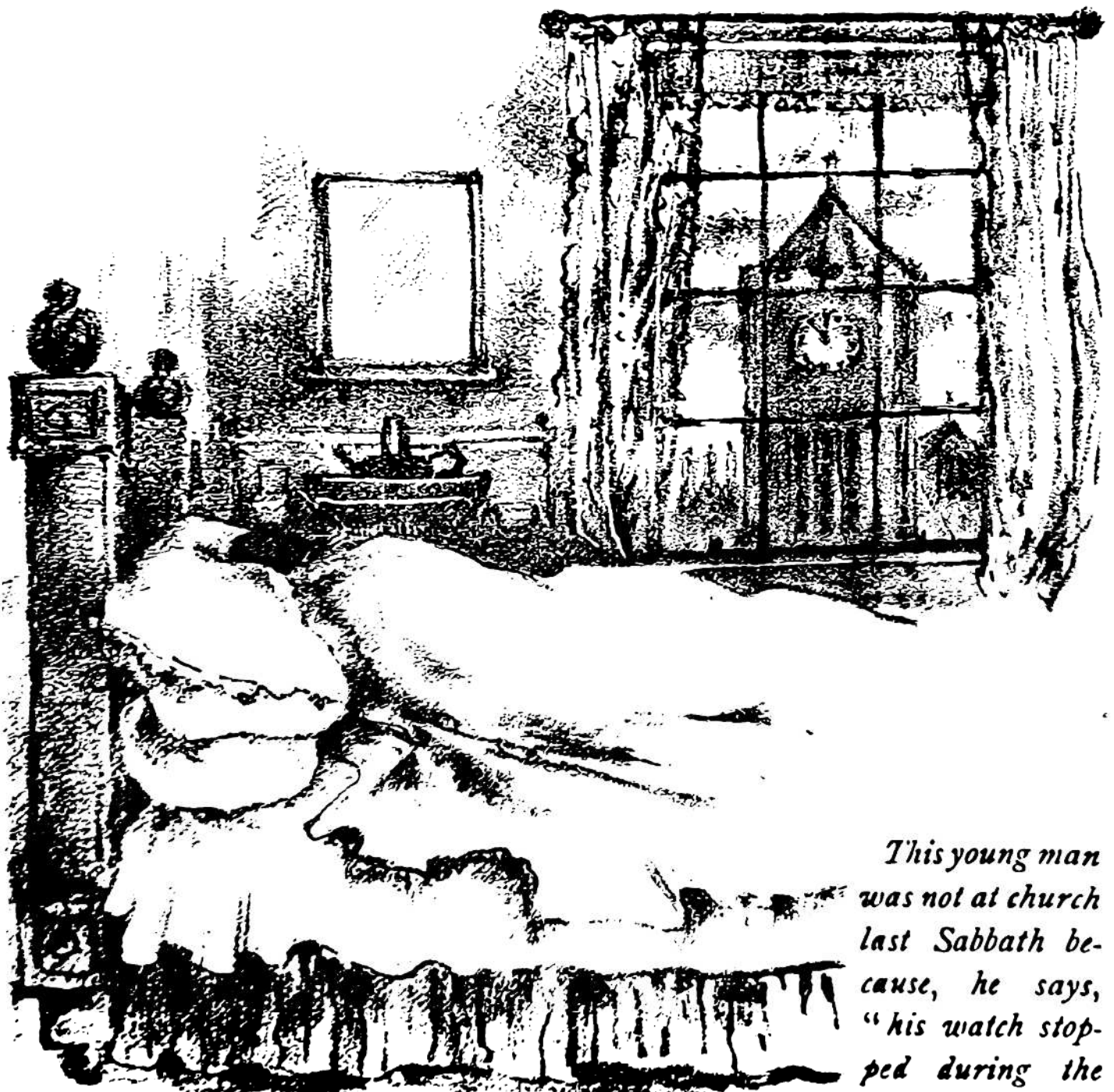
27	S	Ye can discern the face of the sky ; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?— <i>Matt. 16, 13.</i>
28	M	Men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do.— <i>1 Chron. 12, 32.</i>
29	TU	Shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord,
30	W	And His wonderful works that He hath done.— <i>Psa. 78, 4.</i>
31	TH	My father taught me.— <i>Prov. 4, 4.</i> "My father, a man eminent for probity and true piety, took a sort of pleasure to relate to me the series of all public affairs."— <i>Preface to Burnet's History of My Own Time.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 8.



This young man was not at church last Sabbath because, he says, "his watch stopped during the night and he didn't know what time it was."

Vol. XIV. for 1901, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

All the other Volumes are now out of print.

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Messrs James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition.

August 9, 1902.

WHEN the Orb, the ball or globe that signifies Sovereignty over the Earth, was put into the hand of Queen Victoria at her coronation in June, 1838, she said to Lord John Thynne, who was acting for the Dean of Westminster, and was standing by her, "What am I to do with it?"

"Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand."

"Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy."

So says Mr. Greville, who was Clerk of the Privy Council, in his *Memoirs*.

May God grant, at this time, that King Edward may rightly feel the burden laid on him, and seeing his own utter helplessness and unworthiness, and crying out, "It is too heavy for me; who is sufficient for these things?" may go to the Strong One for help, and come forth from His presence, saying, "I can do all things through Christ Which strengtheneth me."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 75.)

What
is thy
name?

Gulielma

GULIELMA, which is Latin for Wilhelmina, was the name of the wife of William Penn, the founder of the colony named after him, Pennsylvania. She was born after the death of her father, Sir William Springett, an officer in Cromwell's army, who died at the siege of Arundel Castle. She had for her tutor Thomas Ellwood, the man who, after reading the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, said to Milton, whose secretary he was, "Thou hast said much of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found?'" She was a woman of remarkable beauty. "Our marriage," said her husband, who was one of many suitors, "was of God's making. . . . Thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved as well as the most worthy of all earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many." "They were married," so the old register says, "in a godly manner, according to the old order of the church of Christ, in a public assembly of the people of the Lord." She died in 1693 in her fiftieth year. To a friend aged sixty-five who came to see her on her deathbed, she said, "How much older has the Lord made me through weakness than thou art! But I am contented." To her children she said, "I never desired any great things for you, but that

What
is thy
name?

you may fear the Lord and walk among His people to the end of your days."

Hannah

HANNAH means *grace*. The mother of Samuel is one of the great figures of history. She gave her boy to God at his birth, as all wise women do. The hymn she sang is the first of its kind in the Bible, and in it occurs for the first time the Name Messiah, or Christ, that is, the Anointed. When she is telling God about her son and her gift of him, He tells her, as it were, about His gift of His Son to her and to the world. We all remember her specially for the little mantle, reaching down to his feet, which she took up year by year—a little longer every year—to her son at Shiloh. Samuel remembered it, too, for he wore a mantle of the same shape all his days. A child's dress helps to form its character, and may be by God's blessing a means of grace to it. It was said of the great Napoleon "that his bad training began with his swaddling clothes."

HANNAH SHEPHERD, who died in 1834, served God in India for forty-eight years, as only a missionary lady can. She was the wife of Dr. Samuel Marshman, the founder, with Carey and Ward, of the Serampore Mission. The first thing he and his wife did when they touched Indian soil was to kneel down and thank God. Her son John Clark Marshman, 1794-1877, founded the first newspaper in India, and did more for railway and telegraphic communication in that land than any other statesman. He spent his whole earnings on missions, giving £30,000 to the Serampore College alone. Yet all the honour he got from Government was a C.S.I., which Lord Lawrence gained for him after much pleading. No wonder Lord Dalhousie was ashamed to wear his decorations when he thought of some of the men who had none. Mr. Marshman's sister **HANNAH** was the wife of the famous Sir Henry Havelock, and mother of the late Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C., the man whom Lord Wolseley declared to be "without doubt the bravest man in the British Army."

They used to punish long-tongued scolding wives in England during the 16th and 17th centuries, and even later, by putting them in a cage, or on the ducking-stool—a chair at the end of a see-saw overhanging a river, in which they were fastened and ducked till their tempers cooled. Mr. Norway in his delightful *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall* gives an instance of the use of the cage. One is sorry to find one of the culprits a Hannah. It happened at East Looe in Cornwall, and Mr. Norway gives the story in the words of a Mr. Bond, wisely judging that in such a delicate subject the man who tells the story must appear in person and take the whole responsibility. "Hannah Whit and Bessie Niles, two women of fluent tongue, having exerted their oratory on each other, at last thought it prudent to leave the matter in dispute to be settled by the Mayor. Away they posted to his Worship. The first who arrived had scarce begun her tale when the other bounced in in full rage and began hers likewise, and abuse commenced with redoubled vigour. His Worship, Mr. John Chubb, ordered the constable to be called, and each of the combatants thought her antagonist was going to be

What
is thy
name?
Hannah

punished, and each thought right. When the constable arrived his Worship pronounced the following command to him, 'Take these two women to the cage, and there keep them till they have settled their dispute.' They were immediately conveyed thither, and after a few hours' confinement became as quiet and inoffensive beings as ever breathed, and were then liberated to beg Mr. Mayor's pardon.

Sir Isaac Newton's mother's maiden name was HANNAH AYSCOUGH. His father died a short time before his famous son was born, and his mother having married a few years afterwards the Rev. Barnabas Smith, a minister of the Church of England in Lincolnshire, the little Isaac was brought up by his grandmother Mrs. Ayscough.

U. S. Grant, that is Ulysses Simpson, or, as he was sometimes playfully called in memory of one of his greatest victories, Unconditional Surrender Grant, eighteenth President of the United States, and the man who brought her Civil War to an end, had for his mother HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT. If the General's own first name can scarcely be called either a New Testament or an Old Testament one, the names of his forebears amply make up for it, for his father was called Jesse, and his grandfather and great-grandfather were Noahs, and before them there was a Samuel and a Matthew.

*Judge not, and ye shall not be judged:
condemn not, and ye shall not be con-
demned: forgive, and ye shall be
forgiven.—Luke 6, 37.*

MANY years ago a student in Edinburgh was walking one morning to the Examination Hall, to try for a scholarship that would enable him to go to Cambridge. His father had eighteen shillings a week, and I may as well tell you that he didn't get the scholarship, and in consequence never went to Cambridge. The student who beat him—by 9 marks in 1200—was the son of a man who had £2,800 a year and a fortune besides. If any of you have fathers as rich as that, which is highly improbable, and ever win an £80 scholarship, be content with the honour and pass on the money to the nearest competitor who is poor, if he be worthy. But this is a

digression, though a perfectly proper one.

As the student was on his way, he made up on a little girl who was now bouncing or "stotting" a ball on the pavement and now tossing it in the air. Just as he was passing her he put out his hand in fun and caught the ball, and, to continue the jest, put it in his pocket and walked on for ten yards before he turned round to toss it back to her. The girl, liking the side of his head which she caught a glimpse of and the honest look of his back, by way of continuing the jest—for we all have a right to be humorous—jumped into a "close," meaning to come out in a little and enjoy his discomfiture when he turned back. But as she jumped into the entry, she saw, on the other side of the square into which the passage led, a child lying on the edge of an



outside stair. Forgetting for the moment all about the ball, she ran to save the child, took it up to its mother, and when she returned ten minutes afterwards—for the mother had a great deal to say—the student was gone. He had come into the “close,” and wandered about looking for her as long as he could, and then most unwillingly set off, for time was up and examiners will wait for no man.

The poor lad was greatly put about for all that day, though he forgot the incident now and again for a little, every time he put his hand into his pocket, there was the ball. “That girl must think me a low thief, and I was only trying to have a little fun with her,” he kept saying to himself. When he came back in the afternoon he made inquiries for her, but no one could tell him anything about her, and though he kept his eyes open for many a day, he never saw her again. But many a time he prayed for her, asking God to bless the little lassie that thought he meant to steal her ball, and to let her know somehow that what he did was done in fun.

The odd thing is that the little girl was always looking for him, and she, too, at nights would pray and ask God to bless the man that must have thought she thought he meant to steal her ball, and to tell him that she knew he never meant to keep it. So the two of them prayed regularly and earnestly for one another. And yet they never met.

II.

Now, if I were writing a novel, after I had made them pass through

many touching and grievous adventures, I should make these two meet again, and cause them to discover, after they were lovers, that they had met before. But they never saw each other again. And yet a curious thing happened about twenty years afterwards. For the student became a minister, and one day when he was taking the place of another minister, who had turned ill, at a children’s meeting, he spoke about Being Misunderstood, and how easy it was to judge people unfairly, and told how he himself had once taken a little girl’s ball and never got the chance to give it back to her again. Everybody knows that grown-up people who sleep during ordinary sermons keep wide awake at a sermon addressed to children, for most of us go by the rule of contrary. Well, there was a woman there that day who heard the story and told it, to illustrate some point or other, to a woman whom she knew, and that woman in turn told it on board an Allan Liner, crossing the Atlantic on its way to Canada, only she said it was a boy’s ball the minister had lifted. And the woman to whom she told it said, “A man in Edinburgh once took a fine new ball that I had got, the very same way. Are you sure it was a *boy’s* ball he said? It would be very funny if it were the same man. Tell me your friend’s address and I’ll write to her and ask her to find out, for I would like to know. It would be so strange. Yet it would be too good to be true. It is the kind of thing you read about in books, but I don’t

think it ever happens in reality."

Yet, even as she was saying that, she knew from her own experience that truth is stranger than fiction,

and that things happen every day that are ten times more wonderful than anything that ever appeared in print.



Grasshopper.

The Old Book Stall.

*It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer :
but when he is gone his way, then he
boasteth.—Prov. 20, 14.*

*Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, for
the gain thereof is better than fine gold.
—Prov. 3, 13.*

YOU must not think that the old man is looking cross at the boy. He has a good deal to try him; well-to-do men that have come and looked over his stock for years and never made a purchase or said "How-d'ye do?"; he is in ill-health; and worse than that, he has a bad son. No, he likes the boy, for the boy buys a cheap book now and again, using for that purpose the money that foolish boys spend on cigarettes and sweeties. He has noticed, too, that the boy always sees that his hands are clean before he touches a book. So much indeed does he like the boy that he has made up his mind to give him either *Half-Hours with the Best Authors* or *Plutarch's Lives* on his thirteenth birthday, which he has found out will be next October.

I knew a man once who dealt in furniture and all sorts of odds and ends which he picked up at sales. One day a dealer in second-hand books came in and offered him one-and-sixpence for a volume in his window which he had marked at two-and-six. "I gave it him after a little haggling for one-and-seven, and do you know, he sold it three hours afterwards to a book collector for £5 5s! I wouldn't have grudged him his bargain if he had paid me the half crown, but I think it was a

pretty shabby trick to beat me down when he knew the true value of the thing."

And so it was, and I confess I never hear that dealer's name mentioned without telling that story about him. Yet maybe I shouldn't, for he may have repented long ago.

That boy at the book stall has not picked up any great bargains yet, but he will some day. I hope if ever he gets a book for sixpence which he sells afterwards for £50—and more wonderful things than that have happened—I hope he will give the old man a five or a ten pound note off it, and I hope the old man will give one of his pounds to the man from whom he got the book, if he can find him out, that the blessing may go all round, as it were.

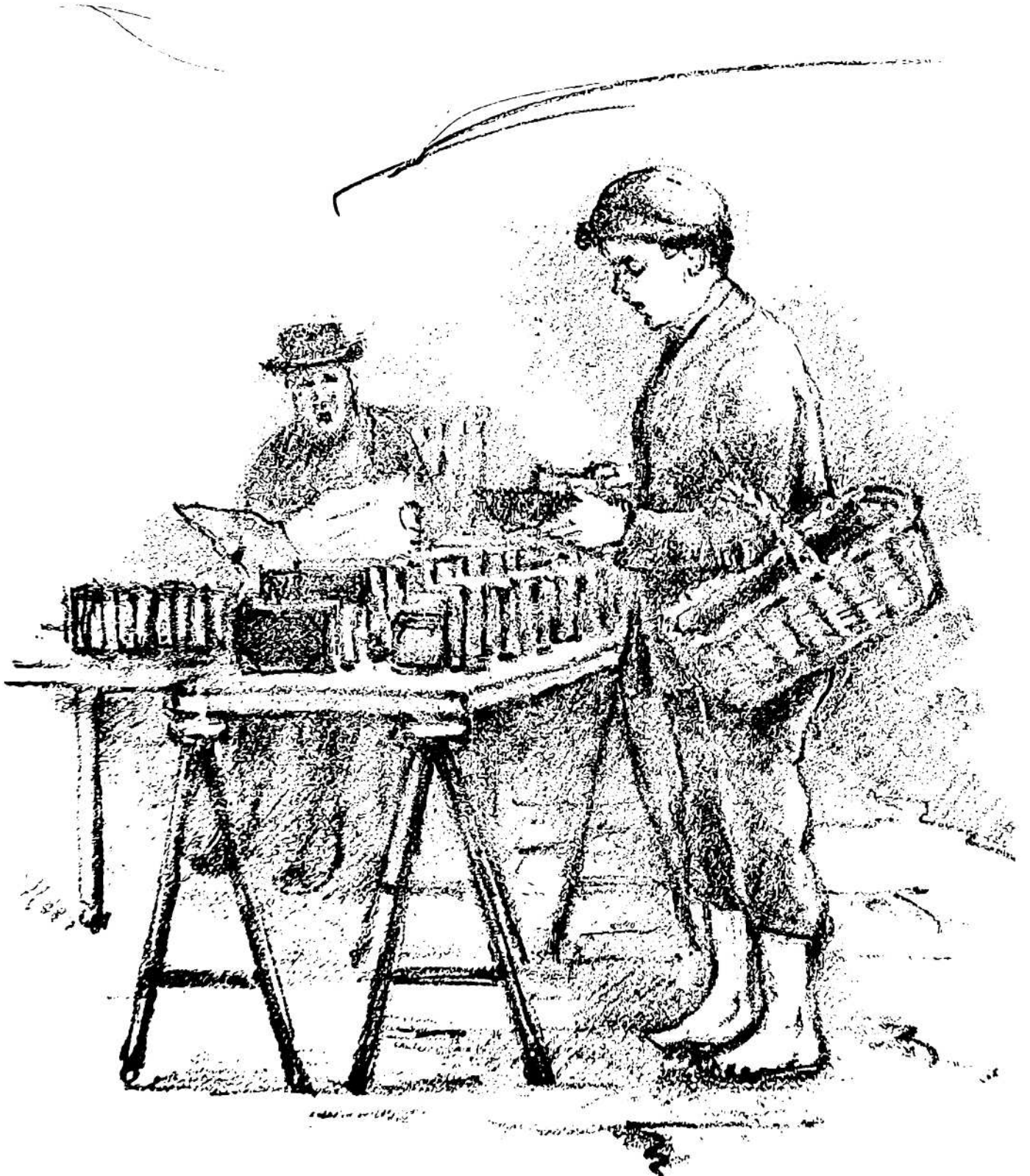
I was looking at some old books at a shop door the other day when a sailor, who was in high spirits at having got *The Pickwick Papers* for a penny, began to tell me some yarns. Yes, he had read a good deal in his day, and of course had travelled a bit. He had been pretty often in America, and once heard Mr. J. B. Gough lecture on temperance. "And there was a saloon-keeper in the crowd, and he could stand it no more, and so he stood up and said, 'Mr. Gough, if men drink, it's their own doing; we publicans don't compel them, or even ask them to drink.'

'Quite true,' said Gough, 'and neither does the rat-trap go after the rats, *but the rats get there all the same!*'"

Perhaps you will think that I have

wandered away from my subject, but
you see you never know what may

turn up when you stand at an old
book stall.



Girls that have Something still to Learn.

FOURTH SERIES.—No. 5.

SOME time ago I saw a man in a railway carriage take out his penknife and begin to trifle with his finger-nails, not that they needed attention, but apparently only to give himself something to do. After a little he put this question: "Suppose an accident happened to this train and my knife ran into me, would the railway company be liable for damages for the injury caused by the knife, or only for any other injuries I might suffer?"

"Only for the other injuries," instantly replied a man in the far away corner, who seemed to be somewhat of a precisian in such matters, "only for the other injuries, because it is presumed when you travel that you travel as a gentleman!"

Whether or not he was right in point of law I do not know, and I hope none of us shall ever have occasion to find out, but he was right, no doubt, in point of manners. We are not supposed to dress in public; our toilets should be finished at home. It is this feeling—and not simply the duty of hospitality—that has made it a law of Spanish life—and Spaniards are great in punctilio—that no one may eat in a train or other public conveyance, without first offering a share of what he has to every one of his fellow-travellers. If he turns a railway carriage into a house, he must treat

all who are with him as fellow-inmates.

I don't suppose it is wrong for a girl to try to curl her hair if she thinks it will improve her appearance, any more than it is wrong for us to cut it and brush it. We should all try to look as well as possible, and in this respect, as in all others, seek to be fellow-workers with God. One day lately, a companion and myself passed a girl with a singularly sweet and pretty face, only she had the defect of Tennyson's Lynette:

And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

"Surely," said my friend, "that girl's mother might have done something to remedy that."

But if a girl does use curling pins let her not show herself abroad with them. I saw a grown-up woman a few Sabbaths ago coming out of a church with her head stuck full of them, and she looked mightily ridiculous.

The same law applies to gloves. A Frenchwoman, so the saying goes, puts them on *before* she leaves the house, an Englishwoman *as* she leaves, and a Scotchwoman *after* she has left. In this respect they do manage better in France.

But whether you use gloves and curling-pins or not—and some good women in history seem actually to have done without them—never forget that, in addition to the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold, you must have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.



1	F	They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.— <i>Ps. 126, 5.</i>
2	S	The joy in harvest.— <i>Is. 9, 3.</i> When the great Lord Burghley, Lord Salisbury's ancestor, felt death to be near, 3rd August, 1598, he said, "Now the Lord be praised, the time is come." Then he called his children, blessed them and took his leave, bidding them "love and fear God, and love one another." Then he prayed for Queen Elizabeth, handed his will to his steward, and turned his face to the wall.
3	S	And God said to Solomon, Ask what I shall give thee.— <i>1 Kings 3, 5.</i>
4	M	And Solomon said, O Lord my God, I am but a little child :
5	TU	I know not how to go out or come in.
6	W	Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart.
7	TH	For who is able to judge this Thy so great a people !
8	F	David charged Solomon, saying, Show thyself a man.— <i>1 Kings 2, 2.</i>
9	S	Give the king Thy judgments, O God.— <i>Ps. 72, 1.</i>
10	S	By Me kings reign.— <i>Prov. 8, 15.</i>
11	M	God changeth the times and the seasons.— <i>Dan. 2, 21.</i>
12	TU	The God in Whose hand thy breath is.— <i>Dan. 5, 23.</i>
13	W	Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,— <i>Ps. 115, 1.</i>
14	TH	But unto Thy Name give glory. Henry V. would not allow the helmet, with the dents it got at Agincourt from the ponderous sword of the Duke of Alençon, to be carried before him in state on his triumphal entry into London; 1415.
15	F	I praise and extol and honour the King of heaven :
16	S	Those that walk in pride He is able to abase.— <i>Dan. 4, 37.</i>
17	S	Thou, O king, hast made a decree.— <i>Dan. 3, 10.</i>
18	M	I will declare the decree :— <i>Psalms 2, 7.</i>
19	TU	The Lord hath said unto Me, Thou art My Son.
20	W	Be wise now therefore, O ye kings.
21	TH	Rejoice with trembling.
22	F	Kiss the Son, lest He be angry,
23	S	And ye perish from the way. "Decide quickly, Madam; time flies, and the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death."— <i>Sir John Hawkins to Queen Elizabeth.</i>
24	S	Man cometh forth like a flower,— <i>Job 14, 2.</i>
25	M	And is cut down :
26	TU	He fleeth also as a shadow,
27	W	And continueth not. "O fair ladies, how pleasing were this life of yours if it should even abide, and then, in the end, that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear ! But sye upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not !" — <i>John Knox at Queen Mary's Court.</i>
28	TH	Bound hand and foot with graveclothes.— <i>John 11, 44.</i>
29	F	This corruptible
30	S	Must put on incorruption,
31	S	And this mortal must put on immortality.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 53.</i>

September, 1902.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 9.

The Last Sheaf.



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The Last Sheaf.

WHEN other farmers were grumbling, the two little girls in the picture used to hear their father say, "Oh! it will all come right! I've never seen a harvest-time yet without a harvest." And now they have seen their father's words come true. He is a good man, and when the last sheaf has been laid in its place, he and his men, as is their wont, will take off their hats, while he in a

few words gives thanks to God for another completed harvest, and humbly prays that he and his two little lassies, and his men, and their wives and children too, may be all safely gathered in at the great harvest at the end of the world, not one of them awaiting. And then he will give his little daughters a kiss, and tell them

"To be true to each other, let
happen what may,
To the end o' the day,
An' the last load home."

He will then hoist them up on to the top of the cart, and as he looks at them, and their mother standing at the gate, and the well-filled stackyard beyond, he will be saying to himself, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 88.)

What
is thy
name?

Harriet

"Next door to Mark Twain—who is really a very droll creature"—says the late Prof. Henry Drummond in one of his letters, "in Hartford, Connecticut, 3rd Oct., 1887, I found MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. She is a wonderfully agile old lady, as fresh as a squirrel, though seventy-five years old, but with a face and an air like a lion's. I have not been so taken with any one on this side the Atlantic." It was her book *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "which I wrote to God's dictation" she once said, that helped to quicken the conscience of the American people in the matter of negro slavery—a question whose settlement by civil war finally cost the United States two thousand million pounds and the lives of more than six hundred thousand men.

HARRIET LEWIN, 1792-1878, wife of George Grote the historian, was said to be one of the cleverest and wittiest women in England. Unfortunately, as is so common in the case of persons with such a reputation, her witticisms seem to have been almost all forgotten, or if they are remembered, they are remembered only by those who wont tell them. "Mr. Grote," said Jenny Lind the famous singer, "is like a fine old bust in a corner which one longs to dust." "And

What
is thy
name?

Harriet

Mrs. Grote dusted him," playfully says one who knew them both. She had the great but perilous gift of coining nicknames. Mr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, speaking once of this, said, "I have no doubt she had a name for me, too." "And that she had," said Mrs. Darwin afterwards, "for she always spoke of him as *the Antiquated Cherub*." Mrs. Grote was excessively vain of her personal appearance, being specially proud of her hands and feet. Yet she was so ridiculous looking with her short waist, her brown mantle of stamped velvet, her huge bonnet full of full-blown red roses, that Sydney Smith when he saw her exclaimed, "Now I see the derivation of the word *grotesque*!" She loved to wear a coachman's coat with capes when she went out driving, and thought nothing of wearing a man's hat. And when one is told that she was once seen up a tree playing the violoncello, one can understand Lord Houghton's remark, "My dear Mrs. Grote, go where you will; do what you please; I have the most perfect confidence in your indiscretion."

Lord Houghton records in his Diary a somewhat similar rebuke given to himself by another HARRIET, LADY BARING, afterwards Lady Ashburton, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich. "She said she had heard I had got a Colonial appointment, but she hoped it was not true, for 'if you go away we shall have no one to show us what we ought *not* to do and say.'" Of this lady Mrs. Carlyle wrote in 1845: "She is the very cleverest woman, out of sight, that I ever saw in my life (and I have seen all our distinguished authoresses); moreover, she is full of energy and sincerity, and has, I am sure, an excellent heart; yet so perverted has she been by the training and life-long humouring incident to her high position, that I question if in her whole life she has done as much for her fellow-creatures as my mother in one year, or whether she will ever break through the cobwebs she is entangled in, so as to be anything other than the most amusing and most graceful woman of her time. The sight of such a woman should make one very content with one's own trials, even when they feel to be rather hard!"

Helen

HELEN, was the name of the woman whose incomparable beauty, according to ancient story, brought about the Trojan War. Hers was

The face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

She had chosen for her husband Menelaus, King of Sparta in Greece, but had been carried off by Paris, also called Alexander, son of Priam, King of Troy in Asia Minor. Helen had been wooed by many suitors, and her father had bound them by oath to join in avenging the man whom she should choose, if any other should ever take her from him by force. So Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus, gathered all these suitors and other chieftains from all parts of Greece, and sailed away to the siege of Troy, and then the famous ten years' war which ended in the fall of the city was begun. Helen, after many adventures, regained her first husband's love, and lived and died in Sparta.

'The only thing I wish to add here is to commend to you one of

What
is thy
name?

Helen

the many deep and solemn sayings in which Mr. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* abounds. It is what poor Jean Myles said to her son when she was dying: "All decent women, laddie, have a horror of being fought about. I'm no sure but what that's the difference between good ones and ill ones."

Durham Cathedral.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL is beautifully situated on the top of a steep little hill, eighty-six feet high, which is almost encircled by the river Wear. It is said to be one of the noblest specimens of Norman architecture in the Kingdom. It was begun about 1093 and finished in 1490. Its total length is 502 feet; the central tower is 218 feet high, the two western ones, each 145. Its bishops for long were known as bishops-palatine, that is, they had the rights of those that live in *palaces*; they were princes with almost royal power, kings all but in name, the military and judicial, as well as the spiritual lords of their people. Durham lay so near Scotland, and was so far from London, that its bishop needed to be a warrior.

In the Cathedral lie the bones of the Venerable Bede, "the first English scholar, the first English theologian, the first English historian, the man in whom English literature strikes its roots."

For many a day this building was a famous *Sanctuary*, that is to say, in it any culprit, no matter what his crime, could find inviolable shelter and kindly entertainment for thirty-seven days, and then, if still unjustified or unpardoned, obtain a safe passage to the coast and over the sea to any Christian land, provided he confessed his sin and took an oath never to return to England.

In a chamber over the north porch there was always a man on watch to give instant entrance. But even before the door was opened, the fugitive was safe if only he had grasped the knocker. The chamber was destroyed a hundred years ago, but the knocker is still there. It is made of bronze. The eye-sockets were once filled, some think with crystal eye-balls; but others say they were always empty, with a light behind them to guide the man who should come seeking refuge in the night.

People who come to Christ are sometimes in distress because they are not sure whether He has opened the door or not. Make sure that you have knocked, and keep knocking, and you are all right. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. When you have gripped the knocker in humility and faith, you are in!

These sanctuaries did a great deal of mischief in the middle ages, and even in modern times. Yet some have compared them to the Cities of Refuge in the Bible. But these cities were not for what we call wilful murderers, criminals, but for those who killed a man unintentionally, or, as we say, by accident, as, for example, when an axe-head flew off and killed a fellow-workman or a bystander. God wished men to feel the sanctity of life, and to see that even unintentional sin is sin. We often try to justify ourselves when we make a mistake, by saying,



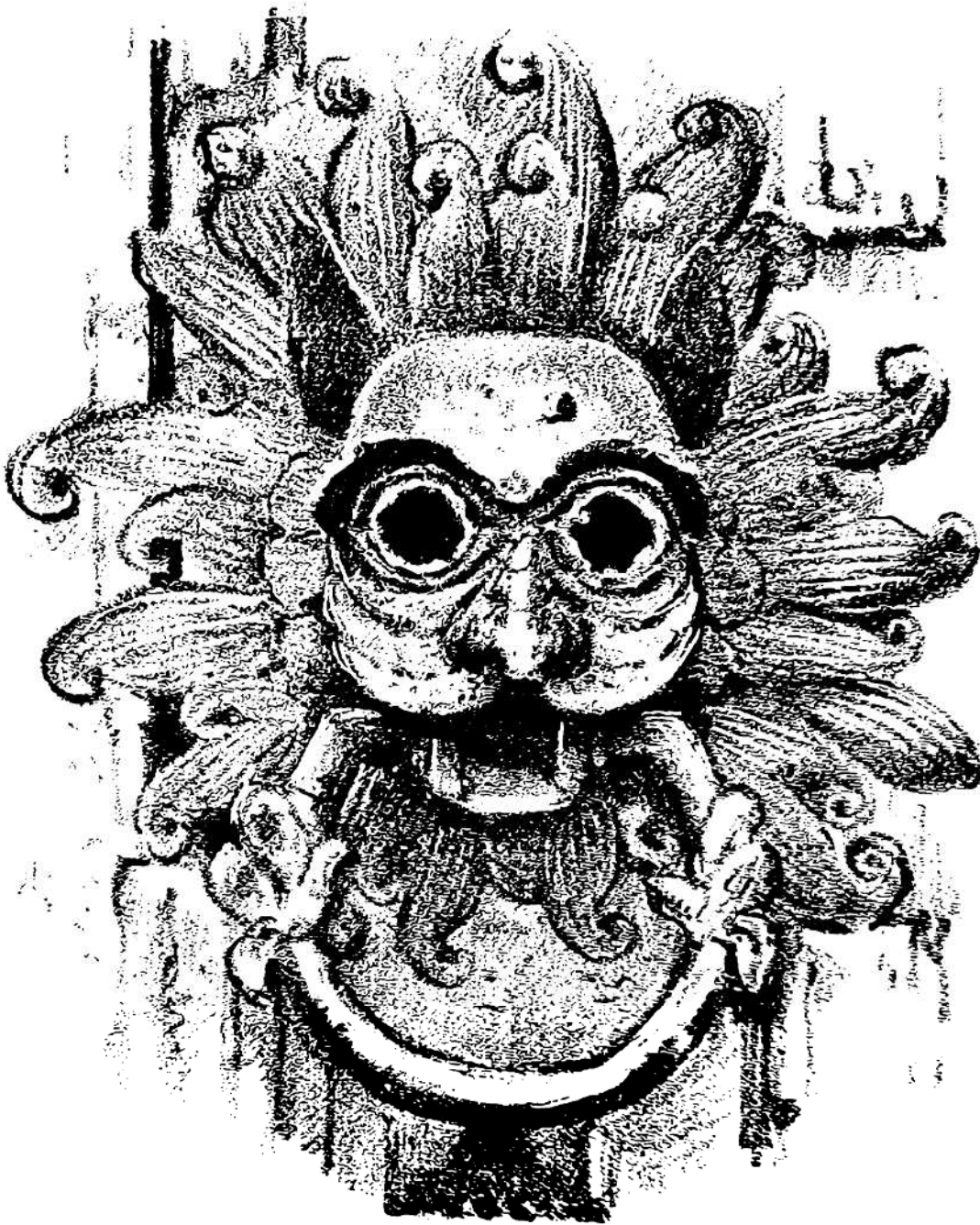
"I didn't mean it," or, "I meant it for the best." But as some one has said with a certain amount of truth :

"Of sentences that stir my bile,
Of phrases I detest,
There's one beyond all others vile—
'He did it for the best.'

Of course he did it for the best,
What should he do it for?
But, *did he do it?* That's the test :
I ask to know no more."

So in those far off days, when a

man killed another, however innocently, his whole life was changed from that hour. He had to flee from his family and his kindred and his native village, without turning back even to say farewell, and live an exile and a prisoner in a strange city till the death of the high priest. And no doubt it must have been a solemn thought to the high priest that there were some of his countrymen who would not be altogether sorry when he died.



Remember that it is not quite correct to say that the Cities of Refuge were types of Christ. They were set apart only for those who, in a certain sense, were innocent. There was no City of Refuge for the wilful murderer. He was to be dragged even from God's own altar and put to death. He might repent, of course, and be forgiven by God, but he had to accept the punishment of his iniquity. The blood of Jesus, on the other hand, cleanses

from all sin. He bids the chief of sinners come to Him, and him that cometh He will *in no wise* cast out.



He said unto His disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—John 6, 12.

† IN 1687 the Rev. Alexander Shields, the companion and biographer of James Renwick the martyr, published a book called *The Hind Let Loose*. The title is taken from the description given of Naphtali by

Jacob when he was dying. The people of that tribe were like merry happy children in the summer holidays, scampering over the hills, running about, as we would say, like wild deer. Mr. Shields, however, applies the words to the Church of Scotland in the times of persecution, weak in its wilderness condition, abandoned by those who should have watched and guarded her, chased by cruel and cunning hunters, yet made to escape from their snares and nets by the mercy of the Mighty One of Jacob. The book is in great measure a history of the sufferings, and a vindication of the position, of the Covenanters. He contrasts their brave fight for liberty with the indifference of many of their countrymen whom he compares to the tribe of Issachar, the strong ass couching down between two burdens, tamely submitting to the driver's stick.

The book contains 742 pages, closely printed, and with as little margin as may be. The publisher's name is not given; nor the author's. He calls himself simply, *A Lover of True Liberty*. It is manifestly a book written in troublous times, for poor people, in a poor country. The preface occupies thirteen pages, and on the top of the fourteenth, which would in ordinary cases be left clean, are words which strike one by their ingenuous simplicity:

"To fill up the vacancy of this page, it will not be unprofitable for the Reader, to cast his eye upon these Sentences of Great Authors, which relate to some heads of the following discourse."

Then follow ten brief quotations from Erasmus, Aristotle, Cicero, and others, about the right of men to speak and fight for freedom.

"To fill up the vacancy of this page!" It reminds one of Rufus Lyon in George Eliot's *Felix Holt*, who, when an audience was waiting for the arrival of one who was to address them, thought it a pity that no one should step forward and give the people a few ideas with which to occupy their minds. "It is a very glorious truth," he said, "that as a counterpoise to the brevity of our mortal life, even in what are called waste minutes, the soul may soar and range."

One smiles, too, at the idea of Aristotle and Cicero, Ambrose and Bernard, being hastily called in to fill a gap, and coming in, too, unlike Vashti—though she, of course, was justified in her refusal—when they were called, and going out meekly, yet with honour, when they were shown the door! I once heard a Greek, a good man, too, who was asked to address a great meeting, and was told that he had fifteen minutes, spend nearly five of them complaining that he should have come all the way from Athens and have so little time allotted him. A wiser man, when he was told he was permitted to speak, would have stretched forth his hand like Paul, and so spoken as to make those fifteen minutes a great and memorable bit of life, an era, for himself as well as for us all. Fifteen minutes from each of two thousand people are five hundred hours, or seven weeks of twelve-hour working days

There is a touching instance of the gathering up of fragments in Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*. It was in 1825, when he was beginning that terrible but noble life-long fight to pay every penny of the debt he had incurred through the extravagance and incompetence of his publishers. In writing up his Diary one night he turned over two leaves instead of one. Then on a later page occurs this footnote in the manuscript—"Turn back to page 41 and 42. I turned the page accidentally, and the partner of a bankrupt concern ought not to waste two leaves of paper."

I often think we shall be amazed at God's forbearance, hereafter, when we find out how our Lord used His *time* on earth and contrast it with the way we wasted ours.

No one, for example, can watch boys playing without being annoyed and pained at the amount of time they fritter away. Holidays soon pass, there are household tasks and duties to be done, and, if a boy is wise, five minutes' arithmetic, five minutes' writing, five minutes' spelling or geography, to be done each day just to keep his hand in, so that, even in holidays, the time for play is limited. One would expect a boy to make the most of it, to play, as God wishes him, with all his might. Yet, watch boys at rounders or at cricket, and what do you see? A dispute to begin with as to who shall have first innings, and first "lick" with the bat. This settled, two of the number must go away in the exuberance of their joy and stand on their heads and walk on their hands. A third is chasing a

cat, a fourth is trying to run off with some girls' skipping ropes, a fifth, who has found a piece of chalk, must write something on the wall, a sixth is gazing into vacancy. Meantime, after several "services" have been refused as not good enough, the ball is struck at last, but the boy who runs after it does not return it instantly and strenuously as he should, but kicks it over his head, forgetting that there is a time, as Ecclesiastes says, to play football and a time not to play football. Meanwhile the others are kept waiting while he, amid cries of "Oh, hurry up there!" goes still further and further away, vainly trying to kick the ball home. Then when it is sent in, it goes too far in the opposite direction, and another boy plays football with it. Then a girl runs off with it, and is pummelled and goes home crying, and presently three windows are shot up and three boys are called in to go messages. And that is what they call a game at rounders! So the forenoon goes, and so goes the afternoon, and ere they know it the six weeks of play are past, and with tears and whimpering they beg for "One more week! Oh mother, one more day!" and if they have foolish mothers and equally foolish fathers, they get another day, and it goes just like the rest, and then they blame God and think it is all His fault. They imagine He grudges to see them happy, forgetting that if the devil got his will he would do with every boy and every girl what he did with the little one in our Lord's time: *Mark 9, 22, 26.*



Trespassers.

THERE were two of them, and as they were nibbling at the turnips one night, one said to the other, "Are we not trespassing?"

"Maybe we are," said the other, "but I don't know where we can go without trespassing. My father was shot in the grass park in front of the big house, my two grandfathers were shot in the red lands, five brothers were killed in the

wheat by the reaping machine, I have had nine uncles and two aunts shot in the woods, and ninety-one cousins, I am told, killed in the peat moss alone during the last twelve moons. And my favourite sister was bowled over by a stone in the very King's highway, and by a policeman, too, strong Jim they call him."

"You mean the man that has been complimented so often by the Justices for catching poachers?"

"The very same. And one of my young brothers swam across the burn to Melville estate and came back two hours afterwards with one of his legs broken. So where can we go? We are even denied a grave when we die."

"That's true."

"Well then, it seems to me that we are meant to be the food of man, and it is our duty, trespass or no trespass, to become as fat and plump as we can."

"But not too fat!"

"That is so. Do you know what the big hare that has his form up in Silverhill near the junipers where the woodcock come told me? We were talking about this very same subject, and this is what he said. 'When the bags are emptied and the game laid out in rows beside the porch for the ladies to look at after a day's shooting, they take no notice of an ordinary-sized hare, but the Colonel says to the keeper, 'I wish you to send one of these to the schoolmaster in the village and one to the bank-agent,' but when there is a great big hare, the ladies say, 'O what a beauty, isn't he just like a roe-deer?' and the Colonel says, 'Maclugash, put that one up with a brace of longtails and two of the mallards for the Master of Linton.' And when the young lord goes home next day, every time he has to change carriages on the railway and the game is carried from one platform to another, people gather round and look at it, and the porters say, 'That's the heaviest hare we ever handled, it's as big as a calf. The Master of Linton is the boy

that can shoot. He'll be a better shot yet even than his uncle the old Admiral.' And then you see they get a big tip and they think they are terribly clever."

"And then think of this. The big hare told me of a cousin of his, a monster, that was put into a game-bag, with one of his hind-legs sticking out, and a young lady made a sketch of it in the game-book with the words underneath, *Ex pede Herculem*, that is, you could tell by his very foot he was a perfect Hercules, and people look at the sketch and say, what a big fellow he must have been! And the Colonel himself said, 'Yes, life would be worth living if we could get a few hares like that!' 'And in that case,' said my friend to me, if the killing of a big hare makes life worth living to an immortal man, it is surely worth my while to live in order to be a big hare. I think that's good logic!"

"Ay," said the other trespasser, the logic seems all right, and yet it's pretty hard to die just to prove a syllogism. Are you quite sure that logic is the highest form of truth?"

"Well," said the other, "I have had my own doubts about that for many a day. I sometimes feel that a thing is never so absolutely false as when it seems to be most perfectly logical . . . But we have lost a good half hour talking this way. Trespass or no trespass as I said, I am very hungry and there are twenty sweet turnips in this row that I mean to have a nibble at before the sun comes over the hill and it will take me all my time."



This man, forgetting the promise in Exodus 34, 24, stayed at home from Church with his wife and children and brother and sister-in-law and two dogs to keep the fruit in their garden, which was to be pulled on the Tuesday, from being stolen. But all in vain. For two little ragamuffins, who had climbed the wall after their football and were ordered back "because the Sabbath wasn't a day for looking for lost balls," came early on Monday morning to seek for it, and, discovering a pear tree to their astonishment, cleared every pear off it but one!

1	M	Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 31.</i>
2	TU	David bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow.— <i>2 Sam. 1, 18.</i> “In summer games he gave to the boys of Harrow sound teaching in manly play and the example of an upright life.”— <i>Mr. I. D. Walker's Memorial Tablet.</i>
3	W	It is God that girdeth me with strength.— <i>Ps. 18, 29-35.</i>
4	TH	He made my feet like hinds' feet.
5	F	By my God have I leaped over a wall.
6	S	Thy gentleness has made me great.
7	S	That no flesh should glory in His presence.— <i>1 Cor. 1, 29.</i>
8	M	Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.— <i>Prov. 27, 1.</i>
9	TU	Those that walk in pride He is able to abase.— <i>Dan. 4, 37.</i>
10	W	The Kings of the earth set themselves against the Lord.— <i>Ps. 2, 2.</i>
11	TH	Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker!
12	F	A potsherd among the potsherds of the earth!— <i>Is. 45, 9. (R.V.)</i>
13	S	Be not wise in your own conceits.— <i>Rom. 12, 16.</i> “Amongst politicians we almost entirely miss the words which are most familiar to ourselves—‘perhaps,’ ‘possibly,’ ‘I rather think.’ We medical men are not ashamed to confess our doubts.”— <i>Sir James Paget, Bart.</i>
14	S	Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth :
15	M	Keep the door of my lips.— <i>Ps. 141, 3.</i> “Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds ; You can't do that way when you're flying words. Careful with fire is good advice, we know ; Careful with words is ten times doubly so.”— <i>Carlton.</i>
16	TU	How long will ye break me in pieces with words?— <i>Job 19, 2.</i>
17	W	Thy tongue deviseth mischief, like a sharp razor.— <i>Ps. 52, 2.</i>
18	TH	Thou lovest all devouring words.
19	F	Let every man be slow to speak.— <i>Jas. 1, 19.</i>
20	S	In her tongue is the law of kindness.— <i>Prov. 31, 26.</i>
21	S	So God created man in His Own image.— <i>Gen. 1, 27.</i>
22	M	I am fearfully and wonderfully made.— <i>Ps. 139, 14.</i>
23	TU	Being born again.— <i>1 Pet. 1, 23.</i>
24	W	Glorify God therefore in your body.— <i>1 Cor. 6, 20.</i> “The drunkard's members are all out of office. His heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the use he has of this vessel himself is to hold thus much.”— <i>John Earle's Micro-cosmographie, 1628.</i>
25	TH	Be filled with the Spirit.— <i>Eph. 5, 18.</i>
26	F	I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus.— <i>Eph. 6, 17. (R.V.)</i>
27	S	We are the Lord's.— <i>Rom. 14, 8.</i>
28	S	Give the more diligence to make your calling and election sure.— <i>2 Pet. 1, 10. (R.V.)</i>
29	M	The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.— <i>Luke 16, 8.</i> “As a matter of fact I practised the finger-break in bowling for five years before I ventured to try it in match cricket.”— <i>Alfred Shaw's Reminiscences.</i>
30	TU	Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown.— <i>1 Cor. 9, 25.</i>

October, 1902.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 10.



At a Swiss Railway Station.

This little girl is selling raspberries and apples. She is leaning over the paling as she is not allowed inside.

Vol. XIV. for 1901, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

All the other Volumes are now out of print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Messrs James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition.

Follow thou Me.—John 21, 22.

PASSENGERS who sail from the Clyde for America go on board ship sometimes at Glasgow, but more often at Greenock. As the big Ocean Liners, however, do not lie at our quays, but at the anchorage, called the Tail-of-the-Bank, which stretches for a mile or so opposite our town, the emigrants and travellers who leave from Greenock are taken on board their ships in tenders or tugs, or in some one of our beautiful river steamers specially chartered for the purpose.

Three weeks ago I was watching through a telescope the *Mars* as it took out some seven or eight hundred passengers to the *Columbia*. Most of these were gathered amidships. But at the stern there was a solitary man standing waving his handkerchief towards the quay he had left, while at the bow there stood another lonely figure, holding in his hand a little *Stars and Stripes*, which, as you know, is the national flag of the United States. The first man was looking backwards, saying "Farewell," or "Au Revoir"; the second was looking forwards, saying "Welcome Home." If the first confessed he was a stranger and a pilgrim, the second was declaring plainly that he was seeking after a country of his own. Perhaps the

ideal traveller would be one with a handkerchief in one hand and a flag in the other, looking now towards what he left, and now towards what he was going to. So Paul said, speaking of this world and the next, "I am in a strait betwixt the two, having the desire to depart and be with Christ; for it is very far better: yet to abide in the flesh is more needful for your sake."

Count Zinzendorf, 1700-1760, the founder of the Moravian Church, used at times to give his friends a ring with this motto on it, Romans 14, 7:

Οὐδεὶς ἑμῶν ἑαυτῷ ζῇ.

Oudeis hemon heauto ze.

None of-us to-himself liveth.

The meaning of these words is not that everything we do affects other people whether we mean it or not—though that is also a very great and awful truth—but that "no Christian is his own end in life; what is always present to his mind, as the rule of his conduct, is the will and interest of his Lord." And the same holds true of his dying. He does not choose or wish to choose "either the time or the mode of it." If to die is gain, to live is Christ. He is ready for either, ready to work and wait elsewhere or here as his Lord may wish. And wherever his lot his cast, there is his Fatherland.

In those four Greek words there are thirteen of the twenty-four letters that are in the Greek Alphabet. Those of you who keep your eyes open will wonder how it is that the four letters of the second word and the five of the third come to be five

and six when they are turned into English. The 'with which each of them begins is equal to our h. You will also see that there are two kinds of e's in Greek, and also two kinds of o's. The one is short and the other long. And now that you have

begun this new language, I hope some of the wise and brave ones amongst you will go on and on, till some day some one will say to you in astonishment, as the Roman Captain said to Paul, "Canst thou speak Greek?"

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 100.)

What
is thy
name?

Helen

In 1592, says Calderwood in his *Historie of the Kirk of Scotland*, there came a young woman from Aberdeen, HELEN GUTHRIE, daughter of a saddler there, to admonish King James VI. of his duty. She was so disquieted with the sins reigning in the country, swearing, filthy speaking, and profanation of the Sabbath, that she could find no rest till she came to him. She presented a letter to him when he was going to see his hounds. After he had read a little of it he fell a-laughing, so that he could scarce stand on his feet, and swore so horribly, that the woman could not spare to reprove him. He asked her if she was a prophetess. She answered that she was a poor simple servant of God, that prayed to make him the servant of God also; and that she was desirous that vice should be punished, and specially murder, and that she could find no rest till she put him in mind of his duty. After the king and courtiers had stormed a while, she was sent to the queen and found her, one is glad to say, more courteous and humane than her husband had been.

HELEN WALKER is the name of the woman who did in real life what Jeanie Deans is said to have done in fiction. Her sister Isabella committed a crime which in those days—about the year 1736—was always punished by hanging. Before the trial came on, Helen was told that if she would only say one or two words in answer to a certain question—if in fact she would only tell what most people would call a very little lie—she could save her sister's life. "No," she said, "I must speak the truth." The sister was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, according to custom, that day six weeks. Helen thereupon got a petition prepared, and set out on foot to London to present it to the King. Meeting the Duke of Argyll providentially, to use her own word, she secured his good influences at Court and returned to Scotland with a pardon just in time. She died in 1791. Her grave may still be seen in Irongray Churchyard, Dumfriesshire, with an inscription written by Sir Walter Scott.

It is interesting to know that Helen Walker's name and fame have been preserved as it were by accident. A Mrs. Helen Goldie, wife of a legal official in Dumfries, happened while staying at a little cottage in the country to hear a woman offering fowls for sale at her kitchen door. Going round to see who it was, she found a little

What
is thy
name?

Helen

stoutish woman apparently between seventy and eighty years of age, with a tartan plaid and a black silk hood over her cap tied under her chin. Her dark eyes were remarkably lively and intelligent. She "footed" stockings in winter, she said, taught a few children to read, and whiles reared a few chickens. "I can see you have never been married," said Mrs. Goldie to her. "I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen that ye can guess that from it," was her answer. "Oh it is because your face is so cheerful and disengaged," was the somewhat strange reply. More talk followed, and Mrs. Goldie was so taken with what she both heard and afterwards found out, that many years after Helen was dead she wrote a summary of her history to Sir Walter Scott, and he in turn was so taken by it that he wrote *The Heart of Midlothian*.

HELEN was the name of a Scotch woman who went to be servant to Thomas Carlyle and his wife in 1837. "She was one of the strangest creatures I ever saw," says Carlyle; "she had an intellectual insight almost as of genius, and a folly and simplicity as of infancy—her sayings and observations, her occasional criticisms on men and things reported to me by my wife in their native dialect and manner, with that perfect skill, sportfulness, and loving grace of imitation"—that is a fine description of the way in which the great gift of mimicry should be used—"were to me among the most amusing things, and indeed by far the most authentic table wit I have anywhere heard." Poor Helen had at an earlier period of her life fallen into the habit of taking drink, and for a time her case seemed hopeless. Mrs. Carlyle, however, "feeling as if she had adopted a child," took an incessant charge of her, bodily and mentally, and with such success that she continued with them for eleven years, "the only servant in a sense," says Carlyle, "we ever got to belong to us." Unfortunately she left them to be housekeeper to a foolish brother in Dublin, who had suddenly risen into great prosperity as a manufacturer of coach-fringe, an article at that time in great demand for railway carriages. After a brief period of ladyhood at his house, she quarrelled with him, and came back to the Carlyles, but so much changed that within three months she had to be dismissed for open and incurable drunkenness. "Endless pains were taken about her; new place provided—decent old widow in straitened circumstances who tried to cure the drunkenness. But nothing whatever could avail; the wretched Helen went down and down, and at last was sent home to her kindred in Kirkcaldy to die." Well might her master close with the words—"What a history and tragedy!" O girls who read this, pray to God morning, noon, and night, to deliver your souls from death, your eyes from tears, and your feet from falling.

When the late Lord Dufferin came of age in 1847, his mother wrote the following verses and gave him a Silver Lamp with these words on it—*Fiat Lux*, Let there be light—

At a most solemn pause we stand,
From this day forth for evermore
My weak but loving human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.

What
is thy
name?

Helen

Then as through life thy footsteps stray,
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
Let there be light upon thy way
And holier guidance far than mine.

Let there be light in thy clear soul
When passion tempts and doubts assail;
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
Let there be light that shall not fail.

So angel-guarded mayst thou tread
The narrow path which few may find,
And at the end look back nor dread
To count the vanished years behind,

And pray that she, whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past
May see and know thy blessed face
In God's Own glorious light at last.

These lines were engraved on a gold tablet by Lord Dufferin, and placed by him in a tower which he built on his estate of Clondeboy near Belfast, on the summit of a hill which commands a view of St. George's Channel. This tower he "spared no pains in beautifying with all imaginable devices." For it Tennyson wrote a little poem, *Helen's Tower*—

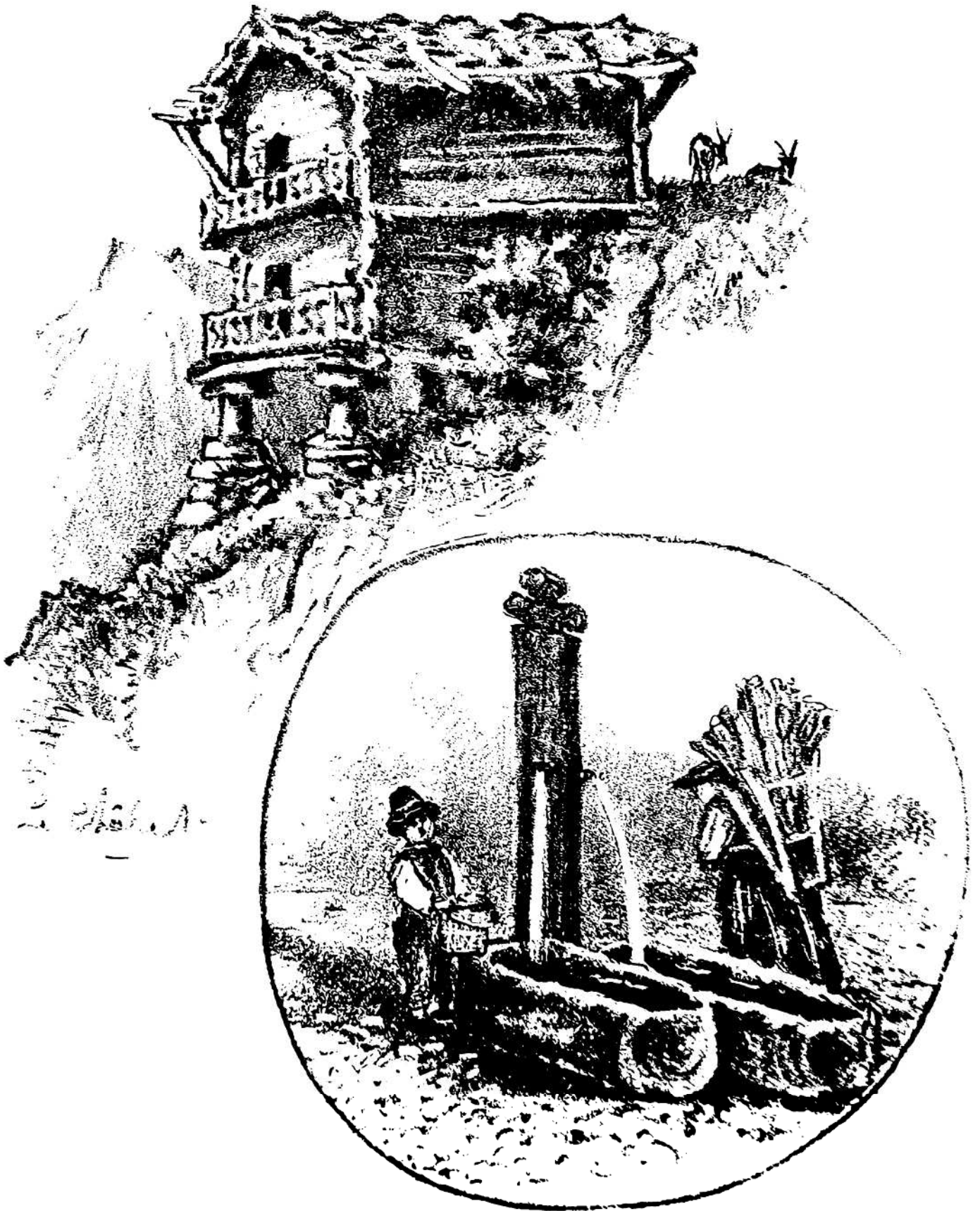
Helen's Tower, here I stand
Dominant over sea and land,
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love in letter'd gold.
Love is in and out of time,
I am mortal stone and lime.
Would my granite girth were strong
As either love, to last as long,
I should wear my crown entire
To and thro' the Doomsday fire.

Her full name was HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, 1807-67, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist and orator, an orator of such power that after one of his speeches on Warren Hastings' Impeachment the House of Commons decided to adjourn, on the ground that it was still too much under its influence to give a cool impartial vote.

Epaphras, who is one of you, a servant of Christ Jesus, salute'h you, always striving for you in his prayers.—Col. 4, 12 (R.V.)

FOUR hundred years ago, in the days of chivalry, it was customary at the beginning of a tournament for the lady, whose favours the knight wore in his

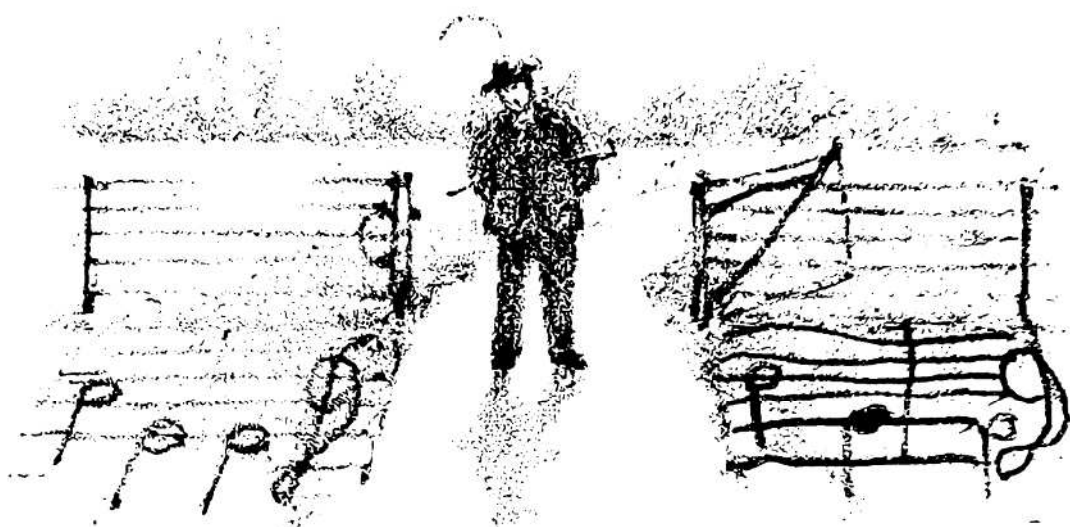
helmet, to lead his horse by the bridle up and down the lists one turn. Then, the old books say, she delivered to him his lance, saying these words:—"Adieu, my friend; be of good heart; have no fear of anything; your welfare is prayed for."



Swiss Memories.



Le Petit Moissonneur.
The Little Harvester.



Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness, to the end that my glory may sing praises to Thee. -- Ps. 30, 11.

THE man in the gateway in the middle of the road is Mr. Fraser. He had gone out for his little morning walk before going up to town for business. This morning—it was in September a year ago—he had gone out unusually early. He had slept badly, for he had had a great deal to annoy and worry him for some weeks. Two firms that owed him large sums of money had failed, and failed in circumstances that were very provoking. Further, his wife and his father, and one of his partners—the one, too, with the best head—and, as if that were not enough, his confidential clerk, were all in poor health. And his favourite horse had come down the day before and broken its knees.

When he came to the gate, he noticed that the shadow cast by the wires of the fence looked exactly like the five lines and spaces, which we call the *staff*, on which music is

written in the Old Notation. Standing still for a little he began poking with his stick, as is men's wont, and drew half unconsciously what seemed to him to be the three first notes of the tune called *Coleshill*, a melancholy one, which as a boy he had often practised at the singing class to the words,

Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

Before he knew it the old words had come to his lips, and as he continued his walk, he sang them over and over again till the tears came.

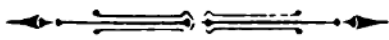
On his way back he halted at the gate once more. But, lo and behold! a queer thing had happened. The three notes were still there, but as the sun had risen higher in the heavens and drawn the shadows back and made the spaces smaller, the value or meaning of the notes was altogether different. Unlike Anacreon's harp which played one thing only no matter how the strings were changed, his wires would not sing *Coleshill* any more! But they

seemed to him to sing *Irish*, and in this case ignorance was bliss, for Irish is a cheery tune, and it had always been associated in his father's house with the Forty-sixth Psalm. And so, once more before he knew it, he found himself singing

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.

As he stepped eastward and homeward and cityward that day, he had a different look in his face and a different feeling in his heart. And though his special troubles did not all end that day or indeed for some weeks afterwards, he got strength to bear them. The sun had risen on him literally with healing in its wings, and as he thought of the music lines and spaces the sun's light had made out of man's obstructions, he got a new song in his mouth, a private interpretation all his own, out of the old words—

For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
And STAFF me comfort still.



Lead me.—Psalm 27, 11.

SOMETIMES when one is walking one is conscious that some one close behind has suddenly altered his pace and slowed down. Sometimes one turns round by accident and catches a man in the very act of doing that, or trying in some other way to avoid one. What is one to do in such a case ?

Of course there are people who never turn round in any circumstances, and very proud they are of their self-control. A friend may whistle, or an old man or woman, panting after them in vain, may cry "Stop !" But stop on such a sum-

mons they will not. They are too well bred for that. They forget that the highest rule of manners is the law of kindness and of love. They have their reward, but they lose more than they gain. Don't be always turning round and looking at everybody or vehicle that is coming after you, but yet remember that our Lord Himself turned round and spoke to men whom He saw following after Him.

There are several ways of dealing with a man whom you find trying not to make up on you.

1. You may take the pet, and resolve to pay him back.

2. You may take your revenge by waiting for him and sticking to him as long as you can, just to annoy him. These are both bad ways. Now for some good ways.

3. You may wait for him, lest he should suspect that you saw what he didn't wish you to see. Then be as kind and nice to him as you can, taking care, however, to say good-bye at the second street or opening you come to. There may be reasons why he does not wish to speak to you or anybody else that day.

4. If he is a man with any fun or humour in him, you may go back and meet him, and take his arm, and say, "Ay, ay, and so you were trying to escape me ? and you didn't think I should see your little game ! But you were mistaken, my man ! And I know perfectly how you feel, for I have been caught myself repeatedly the same way, and a very awkward thing it is. But never mind, you'll get over it in a little, and in order to facilitate matters, suppose we regard this painful incident as closed and

talk about something else!" Whereupon your friend if he is a wise man will laugh and love you more than ever.

5. In any case, if you are in doubt as to what you ought to do, judge not that you be not judged. The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. He may have much to trouble him in body, or in mind, or soul; he may be thinking out a problem in mathematics, or in chess; or preparing a speech, or trying to find a rhyme for an unfinished poem; or, finally, he may have been thinking of nothing and have never seen you! But further, judge yourself and find out if you have always striven so to speak and act as to make your company desirable. Remember that when John said of our Lord, Behold the Lamb of God, he was looking at Jesus, *as He walked*.

6, 7, 8, etc. There are many other things, no doubt, that a perfect gentleman would both do and say in the circumstances we are dealing with, but, alas! it would need the perfect gentleman himself to think them out and tell them.



I buffet my body and bring it into bondage; lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected.—1 Cor. 9, 27, R. V.

TWO hundred years ago there was an English Church Bishop in the Isle of Man named Dr. Hildesley. He was exceedingly hot-tempered, and, to make matters worse, he had a very disobedient, provoking gardener. Now, Dr. Hildesley knew that, as Paul said to Titus, a Bishop,

that is, a minister, should be "not self-willed, not soon angry, no striker," yet he lived in constant fear that some day his passion should get the better of him and put him to shame. So, the story goes, he had a piece of wood rudely carved into a sort of image, and set it up in his garden, and called it by his gardener's name, and whenever the original annoyed him greatly, he would appease himself by knocking the image down with his staff. But in so doing he did not act wisely, for if it was wholly wrong to strike the man himself, as being made in God's image, it surely could not be very right to strike an image of that image. But if rods are made for fools' backs, and the Bible says they are, then neither gardeners nor kings are entitled to have whipping-boys or whipping-posts to bear the brunt of their misdemeanours.

And further, the Bishop should have remembered that in giving way to his passion as he did, he was giving place to the devil. For the worst way to get rid of a bad temper is to lose it, and in losing it at the image he was only changing the venue, if indeed one might not rather say he was seeking to have two venues instead of one.

But after all—and this is a supposition that would get rid of many a difficulty in other people's histories as well as in our own—perhaps the Bishop was not a hot-tempered man at all, but simply a humourist, and was only taking a playful, gentle way of letting his foolish gardener see what a risky thing it was to be a blockhead!



Our Inconsistencies.

This Old Lady, who is 86, has five grand-daughters, one or two of whom, in spite of all that she can say or do, insist on staying at home with her every Sabbath, "because it is not safe, you know, to leave Grand-mamma for a moment at her age all alone." But they all went to London to see the Coronation, and after staying there a week, telegraphed for permission, "if her cold was better," to join a party of friends on a ten-days' Cycling Tour in Normandy and Brittany in France.

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- 1 W Boys and girls playing.—*Zech. 8, 5*.—"I never see a child's kite but it seems to pull at my heart."—*William Hazlitt*.
- 2 TH Remember all the way which thy God led thee.—*Deut. 8, 2*.
- 3 F Your goodness is as a morning cloud.—*Hos. 6, 4*.
- 4 S Remember not the sins of my youth.—*Psa. 25, 7*.
-
- 5 S The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—*2 Cor. 4, 6*.
- 6 M His face did shine as the sun.—*Matt. 17, 2*.
- 7 TU The Lord make His face to shine upon thee.—*Num. 6, 25*.
- 8 W He will beautify the meek.—*Psa. 149, 4*.
- 9 TH Why is thy countenance fallen?—*Gen. 4, 6*.
- 10 F The shame of my face.—*Psa. 44, 15*. "Oh, you mysterious girls, when you are fifty-two we shall find you out; you must come into the open then. If the mouth has fallen sourly, your's the blame: all the meannesses your youth concealed have been gathering in your face. But the pretty thoughts and sweet ways and dear, forgotten kindnesses linger there also, to bloom in your twilight like evening primroses." *Mr. Barrie's "The Little White Bird."*
- 11 S He is the health of my countenance, and my God.—*Psa. 43, 5*.
-
- 12 S Adam and Eve hid themselves.—*Gen. 3, 8*.
- 13 M All the merry-hearted do sigh.—*Is. 24, 7*.
- 14 TU A woman stood weeping.—*Luke 7, 38*. "The open forehead, the curly locks, the pleasant smile, may all remain when the innocence has fled, but surely the laugh of the morning of life must go."—*Mr. Barrie*.
- 15 W Jesus said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.—*v. 48*.
- 16 TH Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.—*Psa. 103, 5*.
- 17 F He hath put a new song in my mouth.—*Psa. 40, 3*.
- 18 S Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing.—*Psa. 30, 11*.
-
- 19 S The world passeth away.—*1 John 2, 17*.
- 20 M We all do fade as a leaf.—*Is. 64, 6*. "The fiery funeral of foliage old."—*Stephen Phillips*.
- 21 TU My heart is smitten like grass, and withered.—*Psa. 102, 4 (R.V.)*
- 22 W Turned into the degenerate plant.—*Jer. 2, 21*.
- 23 TH Autumn trees without fruit.—*Jude 12 (R.V.)*
- 24 F Twice dead.
- 25 S Take heed lest He spare not thee.—*Rom. 11, 21*.
-
- 26 S The Lord is very pitiful.—*James 5, 11*. "State your case, clear your case, prove your case, and cease."—*English Judge's Advice to Advocates*.
- 27 M Pray without ceasing.—*1 Thess. 5, 17*.
- 28 TU Continuing instant in prayer.—*Rom. 12, 12*.
- 29 W We do not present our supplications for our righteousnesses,
- 30 TH But for Thy great mercies.—*Dan. 9, 18-19*.
- 31 F O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken, and do; defer not.
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November, 1902.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. II.



Training a "Pointer." "Good Dog!"

Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near.—Heb. 10, 19—22,

A FEW days ago I heard a minister illustrate the duty of praying much, of praying without ceasing, by saying that if a man had a season-ticket or free-pass for anything, he liked to get the good of it, to take as much value out of it as he could. So it was when Christian broke out, as one half-amazed, that Sabbath morning when he and Hopeful were in the dungeon of Giant Despair, saying, "What a fool am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

The illustration reminded me of what two girls told me some years ago. You know that we who live on the Clyde say there is no river like it in Britain, and no river-boats to be compared for a moment with those that run on it; and we who live in Greenock say, and say, truly, that of all the river-boats the prettiest and the best are the Glasgow and South-Western ones, with their grey hulls and red funnels, for they start from our pier. Well, a friend gave each of these girls the present of a steamboat season-ticket for the month of August. It was available for all sections and all excursions by the Company's steamers, and as they were under fourteen, each ticket cost only ten shillings-and-four-pence.

August that year had twenty-seven clear days excluding Sabbaths. It began on a Thursday. They had a trip that day to Dunoon and back before breakfast, then a run to Ayr, and home again a little after six, and then a sail to Kirn and back. Next day they went twice to Tighnabruaich and the Kyles of Bute and back. On Saturday they made three complete trips, first to Rothesay and back, then to Kilcreggan and back, and finally up to Arrochar by Lochlong, returning by Lochgoil. By the evening of the third day they had had 6s 3d worth of sails, they were as brown as berries, and as merry as larks, they had made troops of friends, and had got an invitation from an American and his wife, for whom they had knitted a tam-o'-shanter on one of their Tighnabruaich trips, to visit them at 119 West 185th Street, or something like that, in New York next Fall! Further, they had drawn out a scheme for the second week, which embraced Millport and Fairlie, and Arran and Ailsa Craig, and Stranraer. There were over thirty ports to which they might go, and if things went well, and if some boats were half-a-minute before their time in arriving—and they could easily rely on that—and others were only a quarter-of-a-minute late in leaving, they hoped to get into their programme a good many other little trips. Till I heard their calculations and saw their lists, I never fully understood how the man who successfully manages a railway or steamboat company must be a bit of a genius. No wonder the friend who

gave them the tickets laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, when they told him on the evening of the fifth day that they had had more than his money's worth already—and if it had been any other part of the country, it would have taken pounds—and there were still two-and-twenty days to run! And it would be such a joke when they went back to school, and had to write an essay in French on how they spent their holidays—the mere names of places would occupy four sheets, and every other girl in the class would be positively green with envy!

Now I don't say it would be altogether good for some young people to run about that way, but these girls were exceptionally nice, and it did them no harm. They

knitted, and waded, and read, and fished, and acted as guides to tourists, who thereby conceived high ideas of the intelligence and obligingness of young Scotch lassies, and nursed little babies when their mothers were sick. They brought sunshine with them wherever they went, and brought it all home with them at night. The very captains and pursers sought to further all their plans, and that skipper who had them oftenest on his boat felt as though he were commodore of the fleet.

Now that is precisely the way we should use our right to pray, our right of access to the throne of grace. "As for me, I will call upon God. Evening, and at morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 113.)

What
is thy
name?

Helen

HELEN JOHNSTON, wife of George Hume of Graden, was one of the noble ladies who sided with the Covenanters. Her father was Sir Archibald Johnston, Lord Warriston—after whom Warriston Close in Edinburgh is named—Clerk to the great Assembly at Glasgow in 1638 at which the National Covenant was renewed, and one of the Scottish Commissioners to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643. He was hanged at Edinburgh in 1663. His last words were, "O pray, pray! Praise, praise, praise!" It was he who said that he looked upon the Covenant as the setting of Christ upon His throne. He was known to have spent at one time fourteen hours on his knees in prayer. His daughter Lady Graden is best remembered for her devotion to her brother-in-law, the illustrious Robert Baillie of Jerviswood. She attended him in prison, for he was in broken health, sharing its confinement with him, went with him to his trial, sat beside him when he was sentenced, returned to prison with him, and accompanied him next day to the scaffold. As they passed her father's house, he looked up at it and said to her,

What
is thy
name?

Helen

"Many a sweet day and night with God had your now glorified father in that chamber." After he was dead, "with a more than masculine courage," she waited till the hangman, having quartered the body, oiled and tarred the pieces, and then took them from him and lovingly wrapped them up in fine linen cloth. She died in 1707, having survived him three-and-twenty years.

Henrietta

To have had for her father Henry IV. of Navarre, the man who, after forsaking Protestantism for Romanism, was assassinated by the Jesuits; and for her mother the worthless Marie de Medicis, who, though her son was King of France, was permitted to die in destitution in a hayloft; and for her husband Charles I. of England; and for her sons Charles II. and James II.; and for her daughter the Duchess of Orleans, who died of poison: can one imagine a more awful series of domestic tragedies? Yet that is the life-story of HENRIETTA MARIA, who was born in 1609, and died of an overdose of some opiate in 1669.

After the death of the Duke of Marlborough in 1722, his only son having died in infancy, his daughter HENRIETTA succeeded, by special Act of Parliament, to his honours and estates. She was a very foolish woman. A dramatist named William Congreve, who died in 1729 leaving the woman who had been his best friend £200, left £10,000 to the Duchess Henrietta. £7,000 of that she spent on a diamond necklace. She had an ivory statuette made of him, and dressed in his clothes, which sat at the table at meal time with her and was served with food like any other guest. It moved by clockwork, and nodded its head mechanically when she made a joke, she herself, more fortunate in this than most wits, knowing doubtless how to pull the strings. She also had a wax doll, made in his image, whose feet she daily bathed and blistered, to keep her in memory of the agony he had suffered from gout.

MRS HENRIETTA HENCKEL HARE, second wife of a Canon Hare of Winchester, was so jealous of the sons of her predecessor—she died from eating ices, when overheated at a ball—that she ostentatiously burned their mother's portrait and pulled down the old family Castle of Hurstmonceaux, which dated from the days of Agincourt, and built a large new house, which she persuaded her husband to settle upon her own children. But the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands, and she was justly punished, for when her husband died, it was found that the great new house had been erected upon entailed land and belonged therefore to her eldest stepson. In her old age she repented of her avarice and injustice, and often came back to the old place, and would wander round and round the castle ruins in the early morning and late evening, wringing her hands and saying, "Who could have done such a wicked thing: oh! who could have done such a wicked thing, as to pull down this beautiful place?" Then her daughters, walking beside her, would say, "Oh dear mamma, it was you who did it, it was you yourself who did it, you know;" and then she would say, "Oh no! that is impossible. I could not have done such a wicked thing; it could not have been me that did it." She died in 1826.



Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?—Jer. 2, 32.

THE Chinese language, as many of you know, has no alphabet. Its words, of which there are about 44,000, are not made up of letters like English words, they are what we may call pictures. The word for *woman*, for example, would originally be a rough drawing of one such as a child might make on its slate. But when a Chinamen wishes to write the word that means a *wife*, he doesn't begin another word with a *w* and so on, as we do. He prints or draws the word for *woman*, and then alongside of it he draws the picture of a *broom*, and then the two words, each of which, like all Chinese words, is only one syllable, mean when they are together *the woman who uses a broom*, that is, *the woman who sweeps her husband's house and keeps it clean and pretty, that is, his wife*.

What the Chinese symbol for a *husband* means, I do not know.

But the word at the head of this article is the word for *rest*. A few weeks ago, I saw a young lady wearing a gold brooch that size and shape. When I asked her what it meant, she told me it was a marriage gift she got from the late Professor Henry Drummond, who had at once the honour and the happiness of being her husband's friend and "best man."

Such a wedding present was a singularly happy thought; it was a sermon, a commandment, a poem, a prayer, a prophecy, and—what a girl dearly loves—a unique ornament, all in one. The Professor took the idea, I presume, from Naomi's words to her two daughters-in-law, "The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find *rest*, each of you in the house of her husband." It is a beautiful description of what a husband ought to be, a type of Him Who said, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest"; and it is a fitting symbol of what every girl should make her home to be, a foretaste of the Sabbath rest that remaineth for the people of God.

I wonder what Naomi would have said if she had been told that the words she spoke that day with tears in her eyes, would be turned into Chinese, and printed in gold, and fastened on the neck of a young Scots bride when three thousand and three hundred years were past! I think she would have felt, first of all, as one who dreamed, and would have said "Is this Naomi?" and then, being a woman, she would

have asked if she might see the brooch!

But, indeed, Naomi has heard far more wonderful things than that

about that word *rest*, and specially nineteen hundred years ago, when Ruth's great Son was born in Bethlehem.



This man does not go to Church now, because "his Minister passed him one day without recognising him."

*None can stay His hand.—Daniel 4, 35.
I am the Living One: and I was dead,
and, behold, I am alive for evermore,
and I have the keys of death and of
Hades.—Rev. 1, 18.*

IN a cemetery in Hanover, North Germany, there is a stone with words written on it to this effect—"No one is ever to open this grave." Yet out of that grave a large birch tree has grown, and pushed that very block of marble aside.

It reminds one of the great stone that was rolled to the door of our Lord's sepulchre, and sealed, and guarded, and made as sure as it could be both by Roman power and Jewish law. And then we read that, on the third day after, at the time that God had set, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door—*simply rolled it back*, without saying as much as, "By your leave!" The angel, indeed, does not seem to have been in the least afraid either of the seal or the guard of soldiers. He rolled back the stone, and actually sat on it. And the soldiers never thought of apprehending him! but, on the contrary, did shake for fear of him, and became as dead men.

One does not know, of course, what motive the man had who caused those words to be written on the stone in Hanover. We know that even in our own country graves were often opened to do dishonour to the dead. The body of Cromwell, for example, the greatest prince, as Macaulay says, that has ever ruled England, was dug up, hanged, quartered, and then burnt,

and all by act of parliament. It may have been in protest against such acts of brutal wantonness, or some other form of disrespect with which the bodies and graves of the dead are sometimes treated even in our own day, that the words were written. It may have been, on the other hand, from superstition or some other sinful reason. But in any case the words should never have been written even at the command of the dead, or, once written, they should have been instantly erased. No man can tell what may happen after him. There may be a hundred right and proper reasons for opening a grave, or taking away a stone, that no one can foresee.

We do not honour the dead when we carry out the foolish fancies or the sinful wishes they expressed while they were yet alive. There are many things more sacred than a man's dying request. God's glory, the feelings or welfare of the living, respect even for the dead man himself, are higher laws.

Sometimes foolish people say to a man, "Your father would not have done that," and filial affection prevents the man from giving the answer that he might. But sometimes it is enough to say, "I know that my father would not have done that while he was living, but he has seen God since then, and I know he would do it now, and will be well pleased to know that his son is wiser than he was himself."

I knew a woman once, who, after many bitter quarrels with her sister-in-law, said as she left her house for the last time, "And I hope I shall

break my leg if I ever darken your door again." It was a sin to make that vow ; it was a far bigger sin to keep it. And if that woman's children had said, "Respect for our mother's memory will keep us from ever going to see our aunt or trying to be reconciled to her," they would

have been putting respect for their mother—if you can call such a feeling "respect"—above respect for their mother's God and Saviour.

If your friends who are dead did wrong, you can only honour their memory, and win their gratitude hereafter, by undoing the wrong.



And God made a wind to pass over the earth.—Gen. 8, 1.

THE head gardener at Netherhill had a very clever, far-seeing wife, for, as her husband said, she could see as far through a millstone as most people. But people who spend their time trying to see through millstones don't make very much of it to begin with, and often miss sights that are plain enough to everybody else. And so it was when Johnnie Veitch, the new boy, was taken on.

The gardener's wife had designed the place for her sister's son, and if her husband had asked leave straightforwardly, his nephew would have been engaged at once. But he must go cleverly about it, and so he failed.

"I'm afraid, sir," he said to his master, "I would need another boy to help in the garden and about the place. We've been scarcely able to overtake the work since the two lads went to England three weeks ago."

"All right; do so, and get as nice a boy as you can."

Three days afterwards, acting on his wife's advice, he put himself in his master's way one afternoon, and rejoiced like Haman when his master's little daughter came and said, "Father wishes to see you."

"Have you got a boy yet?"

"No, sir," said the gardener, "but——"

"Ah, then, I am very glad, for we were speaking to Mrs. Veitch, and she has a boy that I think will do. He will be here at nine in the morning. Good afternoon."

"How is the new boy doing?" the lady of the house said five or six days afterwards.

"Well, ma'am, I can't just say he's a triumphant success."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"No, ma'am, I don't think he is either very clever or very willing. He has been all day sweeping the leaves off the tennis court and the walks round the bowling green, and if you just give a glance that way to-morrow, I think you will see that I am not judging him unfairly."

The tennis and bowling courts at Netherhill are unusually large, and it was more than any boy could do in one day to clear them thoroughly, walks and all. There was frost in the morning, too, and all day with every little puff of wind fresh showers of leaves fell and drifted over the portions that had been cleared. Moreover, at meal hours the gardener's wife went out and gave some of the bushes a good shake. For, you remember, she was a very clever woman. Johnnie worked as hard as he could, but, as he owned himself, to little purpose.

The lady, of course, did not go to look at his work, but she heard incidentally that her daughters and some friends had not been able to play tennis, the courts were so thickly strewn with fallen leaves. And Johnnie gathered, one way and another, that evil was determined against him.

The gardener and his wife, like their great progenitors, hid themselves amongst the trees that night, and shook down more leaves, and then went home and laughed. When

they awoke in the morning, it was as calm a day as they had ever seen.

Mrs. Veitch, on the other hand, had slept none. She had discerned from her boy's step, before even she saw his face, when he came home, that he was in trouble. "We will have worship as soon as you have had your supper, my mannie," she said, "and I'll waken you before daylight, and you'll go up and work as hard as you can, and you will have an hour-and-a-half at the walks before anybody's up."

So she sent her boy to bed, and set herself to pray. Her husband was ten years dead, and her only other boy was on his way home from Chili. It was his first voyage, and she was hoping he might be home in time to sit down with her at the Lord's table the Sabbath after. She had two things, therefore, specially to pray for.

Between twelve and one, and again between three and four, the wind suddenly rose and blew very hard, and Mrs. Veitch's heart went out to her boy at sea. She prayed now, not that he might soon come home, but that he and all other sailor boys and sailor men might be preserved amid the storm.

Johnnie was up at the tennis green while it was yet dark, but even before day dawned it was evident to him that a wonderful thing had happened through the night. The wind had swept the leaves into heaps cleaner than any gardener on earth could have done it. There was almost nothing left for him to do but sweep closer the fringes of the heaps, and stand still

and admire! God had given it to His beloved sleeping. And Johnnie got the credit of it all, for while the gardener and his wife were cast in a deep sleep, a young officer, who was visiting at Netherhill, rising early—for the habit he had acquired during these two awful years in South Africa still clung to him—came across him.

At breakfast the Laird of Netherhill began to chaff the young officer about his early rising. "I heard you go out, I thought, just after five this morning. It must be a dreadful thing to have a bad conscience!"

"It is," said the Captain, "but do you know that a good conscience can make a man jump out of bed as smartly as a bad one? And I can prove it. I walked down to the lodge this morning, and came round the back way, and I found the little boy that was such a smart beater when you did the coverts on Friday, raking away at the leaves. He had made the tennis court like a billiard table. I do believe he had been at it all night. And I'm sure *his* conscience isn't a bad one!"

So Johnnie Veitch grew in favour both with God and man; and the gardener's wife—and here I am again reminded of Haman and Zeresh in the book of Esther—now comforts her husband by saying, "Depend upon it, who lives will see that boy head gardener in Netherhill, and mark my words."

And the same gale that blew Johnnie into favour drove his brother's ship up the Irish Channel at nearly thirteen knots an hour, and sent him home to his mother's arms by the afternoon of Saturday.



The harvest is past, the summer is ended.—Jer 8, 20

1	S	But the end of all things is at hand.— <i>1 Peter 4, 7.</i>
2	S	Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.— <i>Ps. 122, 6.</i> Seek peace.— <i>1 Peter 3, 11.</i>
3	M	Mark them which are causing the divisions.— <i>Rom. 16, 17 (R. V.)</i>
4	TU	I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord.— <i>Phil. 4, 2.</i> “No man shall draw any sword in a private quarrel within the camp, upon pain of death.”— <i>The Articles of War for Cromwell's Army.</i>
5	W	For these women laboured with me in the gospel.
6	TH	How good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.— <i>Ps. 133.</i>
7	F	Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit.— <i>Eph. 4, 3 (R. V.)</i>
8	S	There are many adversaries.— <i>1 Cor. 16, 9.</i>
9	S	It was in thy heart to build an house unto My name.— <i>1 Kings 8, 18.</i>
10	M	Thou didst well that it was in thine heart.
11	TU	Nevertheless thou shalt not build the house. “All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it.”— <i>R. L. Stevenson.</i>
12	W	The house to be builded for the Lord must be exceeding magnifical :
13	TH	I will therefore now make preparation for it.— <i>1 Chron. 22, 5.</i>
14	F	So David prepared abundantly before his death.
15	S	I am risen up in the room of my father.— <i>2 Chron. 6, 10.</i>
16	S	When ye see the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord your God, then ye shall go after it.— <i>Josh. 3, 3.</i>
17	M	Yet there shall be a space between you and it :
18	TU	Come not near unto it, that ye may know the way by which ye must go ;
19	W	For ye have not passed this way heretofore. “These fourteen years I have not desired to lift my foot before God showed me where to set it down.”— <i>Ker of Kersland, the Covenanter.</i>
20	TH	Thou leddest Thy people like a flock.— <i>Ps. 77, 20.</i>
21	F	He led them as an horse, that they should not stumble.— <i>Is. 63, 13.</i>
22	S	Thou shalt hear a word behind thee, This is the way.— <i>Is. 30, 21.</i>
23	S	Another said, Lord, I will follow Thee : but let me first— <i>Luke 9, 32.</i>
24	M	Jesus said, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God.
25	TU	This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind.— <i>Phil. 3, 13.</i>
26	W	The living creatures went every one straight forward.— <i>Ezek. 1, 12.</i>
27	TH	They turned not when they went. “Some years ago, at the Inter-University Sports, in the 100 yards' race, an Oxford man who was leading by a clear foot within twenty yards of the finish, where he could not well have been caught, foolishly turned his head for a nervous glimpse at the other runners, and therein not only lost his lead, but was clean passed by two of his rivals.”— <i>C. B. Fry.</i>
28	F	I have stuck unto Thy testimonies.— <i>Ps. 119, 31.</i>
29	S	Remember Lot's wife.— <i>Luke 17, 32.</i>
30	S	Entangled and overcome.— <i>2 Pet. 2, 20.</i> “A Cambridge sprinter, who on form had a fine chance of winning, was easily beaten in a recent race, because he was thrown out for a stride or two by treading on the tag of a careless shoelace.”— <i>C. B. Fry.</i>

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*And the angel lifted up his hand to heaven,
and swore by Him That liveth for ever
and ever, that there should be time no
longer.—Rev. 10, 6.*

WHEN Dr. Chalmers was a young man, he was for a time more devoted to the study of mathematics than to the subjects which more properly should have concerned him as a parish minister. In a pamphlet which he wrote at the time in support of his application to be appointed to a mathematical chair in the University of Edinburgh, he affirmed that a minister could do all he needed to do in his parish, and do it well, and yet have five clear days every week for literary or other pursuits.

Twenty years afterwards some one, who had found a copy of the old forgotten pamphlet, publicly taunted him with what he had said. Yes, he said, it was too true. "I was at that time unduly devoted to the study of mathematics. What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But then, strangely blinded that I was, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought nothing of *the littleness of time and the greatness of eternity.*"

Dothan.

And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan.—*Gen. 37, 17.*

And it was told the King, saying, Behold, Elisha is in Dothan. . . . And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—*2 Kings 6, 13-17.*

Dothan! I shudder at the name,
Its memories of wrong and shame;

A land of pits, a wild beast's den,
False brothers, cruel merchantmen.

But here's the place of my desire—
Where horses, chariots of fire,

Are ranged upon the mountain side,
A land where Cherubim abide!

What is its name? Tell me, I pray;
This is the land where I would stay.

Dothan? Dothan it cannot be!
No pits, no evil beasts I see,

Nor men who slaves do buy and sell,
But Hosts of the God of Israel;
Not Dothan surely, but Beth-El!

Had Joseph's eyes but opened been,
Elisha's guard he too had seen.

In straits, O Lord, give me, I cry,
Not Joseph's, but Elisha's eye.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 124.)

What
is thy
name?

Henrietta

Two warriors have had a HENRIETTA for their mother ; the one, the famous General James Wolfe, who died in the hour of victory, at the siege of Quebec, in 1759, at the age of thirty-two ; the other, the well-known Baden Powell.

Admiral Lord Duncan of Camperdown, 1731-1804, had HENRIETTA DUNDAS for his wife. He is the man, some of you will remember, who, when he was lying off the Texel with his flagship the *Venerable* and only one other vessel, hearing that the whole Dutch fleet was putting to sea, told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel and fight his ship till she sank. "I have taken the depth of the water," he added, "and when the *Venerable* goes down, my flag will still fly."

Count von Zinzendorf, 1700-1760, the founder of the Moravian Church, was brought up till his tenth year—and the years before ten are the all-important ones—by his grandmother and his maiden aunt, the BARONESS HENRIETTA, both godly women. His mother, who became a widow six weeks after his birth, had married for her second husband a Prussian field-marshal. It was Zinzendorf who said, "I have but one passion ; and it is He, only He."

HENRIETTA CAMILLA JENKIN, 1807-1885, was the mother of Professor Fleeming Jenkin of Edinburgh University, a man who took out thirty-five British patents and did a great work for the world, in conjunction with Lord Kelvin, in the laying of the first Atlantic cables. "She came of a wild, cruel, proud, and somewhat black-guard stock, which put forth in her all its force and courage. Not beautiful, she had a far higher gift, the art of seeming so. . . . She drew with unusual skill, played the harp, and sang with something beyond the talent of an amateur. She wrote books because she was poor. When she was about forty, having lost her voice, she set herself to learn the piano. Working eight hours a day she attained so much proficiency that her collaboration in chamber music was courted by professionals. More than twenty years later she dauntlessly began the study of Hebrew." When she was sixty-eight she had a paralytic stroke, which left her stone-deaf, and almost speechless, yet she worked away cheerfully trying to make herself understood by the help of dictionaries. In her youth she lived in Genoa for a time, and was one of the many brave people of our land who helped to win unity and freedom for Italy. It was she I told you of once before, who, on finding out that a man had behaved shamefully to a poor woman whom she knew, mounted her horse, rode over to his house, and horse-whipped him with her own hand.

What
is thy
name?

Henrietta

Robert Louis Stevenson had more than fifty first-cousins, but his favourite one was a HENRIETTA. One sometimes meets people who seem to have almost more friends than they can count, while others seem to have so few! I knew a man whose parents were dead, who had not, so far as he was aware, a single relative of any description in the whole world. It is good for us to remember that all these things are appointed in infinite love and wisdom by Him Who has determined the bounds of our habitation.

Hester

DAME HESTER TEMPLE, a Buckinghamshire lady who died in 1656, the widow of Sir Thomas Temple, lived to see seven hundred descendants. Dr. Thomas Fuller, who personally verified the facts, says, "Reader, had I been one of her relations, I would have erected a monument for her, thus designed. A fair tree should have been erected, the said lady and her husband lying at the root thereof; the heir of the family should have ascended both the middle and top bough thereof. On the right hand hereof her younger sons, and on the left her daughters, should, as so many boughs, be spread forth. Her grandchildren should have their names inscribed on the branches of these boughs; the great-grand-children on the twigs of these branches; the great-great-grand-children on the leaves of those twigs. Such as survived her death should be done in a lively green, the rest as blasted, in a pale and yellow fading colour." Her own family consisted of nine daughters and four sons. "Thus, in all ages," adds Fuller, "God has bestowed personal felicities on some far above the proportion of others."

"Belshazzar."

THAT was the name given by the Scotch Missionaries in Central Africa to Nawambi, one of the best-known Ngoni generals, because in his war-dance he was wont to "lift up himself against the Lord of heaven."

Dr. Elmslie in his book, *Among the Wild Ngoni*, describes the dance as something terrible to witness.

Nawambi began by walking, spear in hand, with raised proud look in front of his warriors. Then kicking the dust of the ground over those around him, he pointed his spear in seeming indignation, and cried, "Beka Pansi," that is, "Submit!" The assembled thousands of warriors, beating their

shields with their war-clubs, cried "Submit!" Then he named the surrounding tribes, the hills and mountains, the sun, the moon, the stars, his fury waxing stronger and clouds of dust flying, while at each call the warriors beat their shields and roared "Submit!" The elements of nature, rain, thunder, lightning, were all called on to submit, and amid the increasing din of shield-beating and the shouts of the warriors, the climax of his dance was reached when, pointing to the sky, with the foam flying from his mouth, he cried to the God his people spoke of as dwelling above, "Wena spezula! Beka Pansi! Beka Pansi!" "Submit! Submit!"




This man does not go to Church because "the children who sit in the seat behind him sing so loud, and they don't sing in tune either."

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

FOURTH SERIES.

No. 6.—*The Wantonly Mischievous Boy.*

LD Mrs. Rintoul sells newspapers and the odds and ends that in some places are called "furnishings." She has a few toys too, and peeries and tops and marbles and skipping-ropes. She has been much tempted by commercial travellers to sell cigarettes, but *that* she is determined not to do. Neither will she sell vulgar comic songs or any sporting or other low-class newspapers, though, as she says, anything lower or more unworthy of a Christian nation than the leading articles in our two chief Scottish newspapers it would be pretty hard to find. To her poor neighbours, who have sons or daughters looking for situations, she is always willing to give a reading of the advertisement columns for nothing, only their hands must be clean. But if people come for their weekly paper late on Saturday night, she says, "I'll not give it to you unless you promise not to read it to-morrow."

She has her own little trials now and again, she says. Sometimes she has so many newspapers left on her hands that the day's profit on those she sells is more than eaten up; and sometimes there's a run on them, and she could have sold two or three dozen if only she had known beforehand.

Last May a "well-put-on" man played her a low trick. It was five

days before the rent was due, and he came in and bought a sixpenny set of tea-things and a balloon for a little girl that was ill. "He told me all about her trouble, and it seemed to be the same kind of thing that Mrs. Primrose's little lassie had, and I was real sorry for her; and then he passed a bad half-sovereign on me. It was the factor that told me it was bad."

Boys, too, annoy her a good deal by throwing down the board at her door on which she pastes the "contents" bills. She wouldn't object to their doing it once or twice a week, for boys will be boys, and they like to do anything that makes a clatter. But when they do it five or six times a day, especially in wet and stormy weather when the pavement is dirty and her lumbago is bad, it is rather provoking. "Do passers-by never lift it up when they see it lying that way?" Not very often, she says, though sometimes a gentleman will come in and tell her it has been thrown down. Working men are best at lifting it up, but no lady ever did it to her knowledge. Does she never catch the boys that do it? "*Me* catch them?" she says; "I have seen the day when I could have done it, but that's out of the question now. Before I get to the door to shake my nieve at them they are out of sight. Ah! but one day a gentleman caught one nicely, a very impudent boy that has often done it. He was a good bittie off when he saw the boy do it, but he just walked on quietly as if he hadn't seen him, and when he made up on him two streets off,



he took the boy by the hand as if he had been his father, and marched him back to the shop-door where

the board was still lying, the boy screaming all the time and saying 'it wasn't him,' 'it was another boy,'

'he didn't know his name,' 'there were two of them, and it was Peter Mason,' 'oh mother, mother.' And then a little crowd gathered, and the gentleman made him lift up the board, and lay it down, and set it up again, three times—the pavement fortunately was dry that day—and then he brought him into the shop and said, 'Now, as you seem fond of this amusement, I have no doubt that if you ask this good woman to let you knock it down other three times, she will be quite willing to give you permission, and the crowd outside, I am sure, will enjoy the performance.' But oh if you had heard the boy! 'Please no, sir, I'll never do it again.' 'Well, then, tell Peter Mason that he is not to do it, either, and beg her pardon, and say you are sorry, and remember that there is no fun in doing anything to anybody that the other person can't laugh at as well as yourself.'"



I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.—Isaiah 6, 8.

LORD Wolseley says in his *Soldier's Pocket Book* that, if a young officer wishes to get on, he must volunteer for the most hazardous duties and take every possible chance of risking his life.

It was a spirit and a courage like that that was shown in the service of God by a good soldier of Jesus Christ, named JOHN MACKENZIE, who died three years ago. One evening, when he was a lad, and

eager for work in the Foreign Mission field, he knelt down at the foot of a tree in the Ladies' Walk on the banks of the Lossie at Elgin, and offered up this prayer:—"O Lord, send me to the darkest spot on earth." And God heard him, and sent him to South Africa, where he laboured for many years, first under the London Missionary Society, and then under the British Government as the first Resident Commissioner amongst the natives of Bechuana-land.



LEVY SPALDING was one of the first band of American Missionaries who went to Southern India. When he was a lad and had his heart first drawn to the cause of missions and told his mother his decision, she was completely overcome. But he said to her, "Mother, when you gave me to God as an infant in baptism, did you withhold me from any service to which I might be called?" She assented in a moment, went to her old chest, took from it a half-dollar—it was all the money she had in the world—and handed it to him, saying, "Levi, you may go, and this will start you on your education."

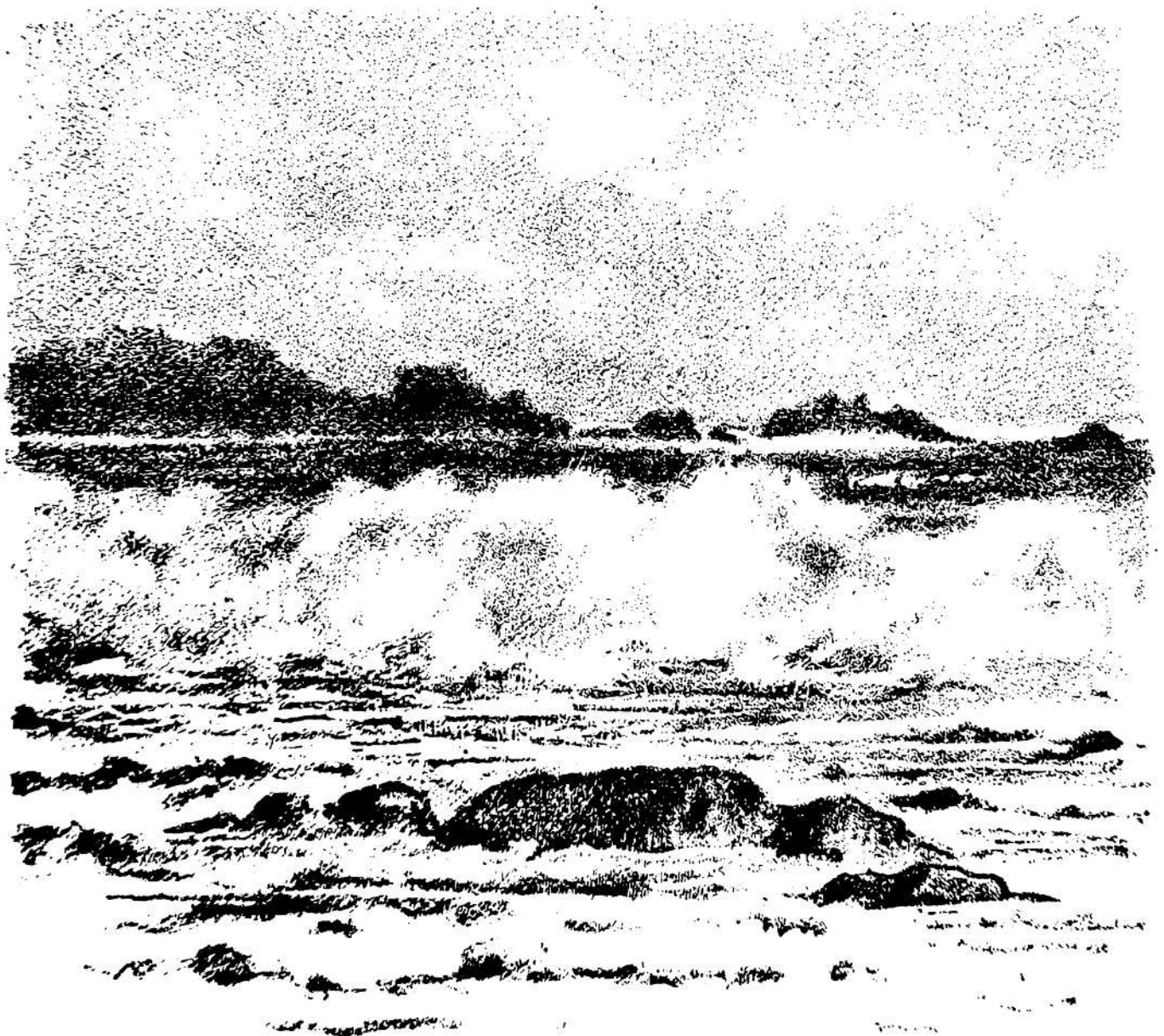
Dr. Theodore Cuyler, who tells the story in his *Recollections of a Long Life*, says that on his voyage to India Spalding's preaching was the means of converting every sailor on board his ship, including the ship's carpenter, "whose heart was as hard as his broadaxe."

I am come into deep waters.—Ps. 69, 2.

AMONGST some of the African tribes it is not etiquette for a host to speak till he has sat looking at his visitor for twenty or thirty minutes. Then he breaks the silence by saying, "I saw you."

That is sometimes the way God does with us when we come before Him. He answers us never a word. But when He has tried our

faith for a little, He says, "I have seen thy tears;" "when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." And that ought to be enough for us. If, like Hagar, we can call Him by this Name, Thou God seest me, then all's well. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.



1902.

If thou canst read the writing and make known the interpretation thereof.—Dan. 5, 16.

THE words on the opposite page are not unlike what the same words would be if they were printed on caoutchouc—it is not everybody who can spell that word, and still fewer can pronounce it! we used to call it cahootchy—that is to say, on India rubber, or elastic, and the elastic were then stretched. In order to read them, one would have to let the elastic shrink in again. So, in order to read those long letters, you must contract or shorten them. Lay the page flat on a table, and then stoop down, close one eye, and look, not so much *down* on the letters as *along* them, and after you have tried it a few times and got the proper angle, you will make them out quite easily. But if you can't read them the first time or two you try, and can't be bothered trying any more, then, let me tell you plainly, you belong to the tribe of Reuben and will not excel; you will never come to any greatness in this world!

As you look back over Nineteen-Hundred-and-Two, I hope you can say of it that "the eyes of the Lord thy God have been always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." I hope you can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days." I hope you can set your seal to this, that God is true; that "*there failed not ought* of any good thing which the Lord had spoken; all came to

pass." I hope your tongue is as the pen of a ready writer, and that you can call Christ Faithful and True.

But what has God written during this year about *us*? Has he written, "Well done! good and faithful servant"? Or has the year been one long "Provocation" to Him, as was the sojourn of the Israelites in the Wilderness?

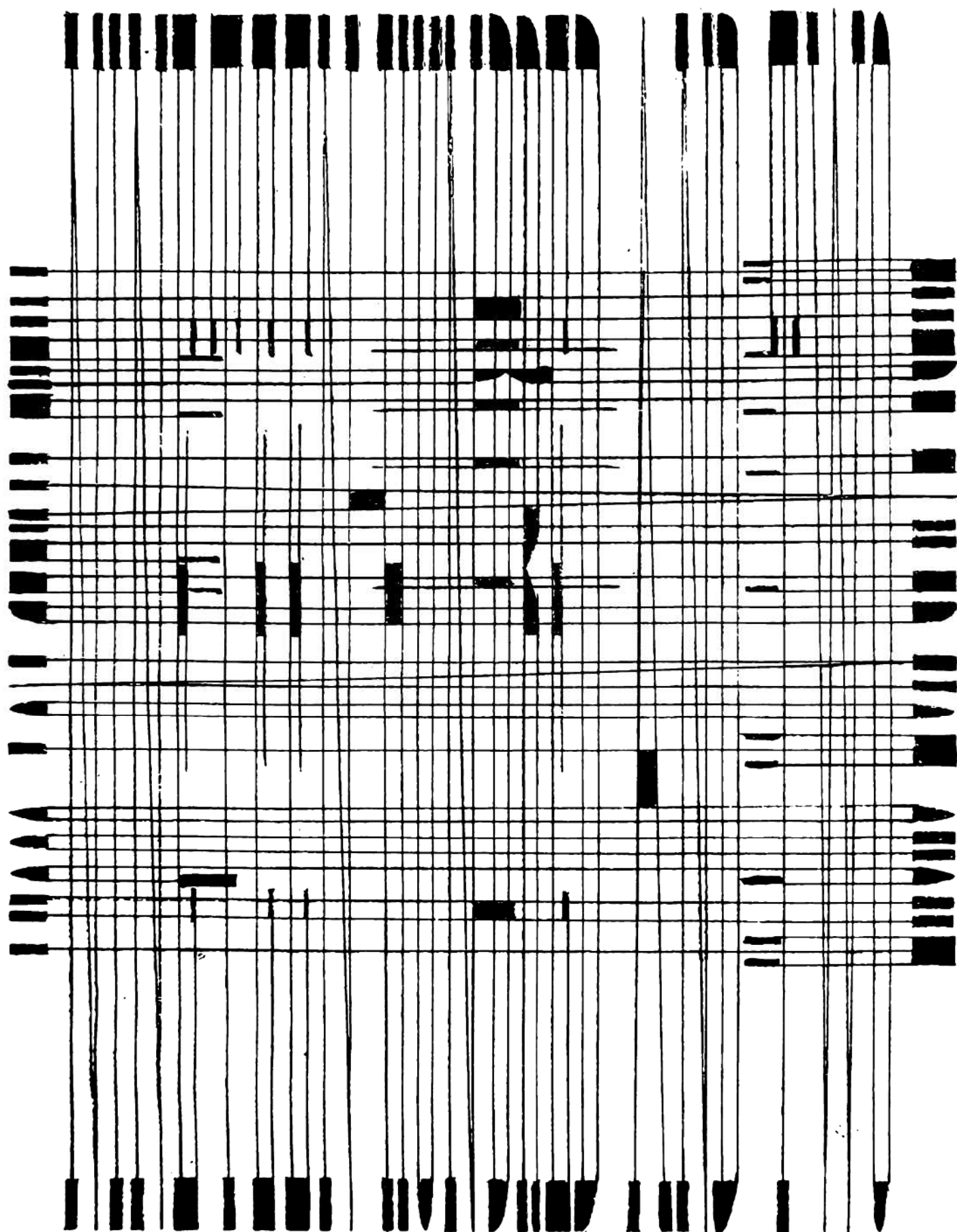
And what have other people written about us? for, be assured, the book of our dealings with our fellow-men has its

Margin scribbled, crossed, and crammed with comment.

It may be that on our faces, on our bodies, on the walls of our houses, on the road we travel day by day, on all that we have done, and on everything belonging to us, across our names alike in His Own book and in the minds and memories of all who know us, the fingers of God have written, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Ere it be too late, before God says, "I have numbered thy kingdom, and brought it to an end," let us run to the Saviour with this handwriting that is against us, and ask Him to blot out the bond, and take it out of the way, nailing it to His cross.

Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray Thee to remember,
And loving-kindnesses; for they
Have been of old for ever.

My sins and faults of youth
Do Thou, O Lord, forget:
After Thy mercy think on me,
And for Thy goodness great.



- 1 M It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.—*2 Cor. 4, 2.*
 2 TU A rich man's steward was accused that he had wasted his goods.
 3 W How is it that I hear this of thee?—*Luke 16, 1-4.*
 4 TH Give an account of thy stewardship.
 5 F When I am put out of the stewardship,—
 6 S His office let another take.—*Acts 1, 20 (R. V.)* Sir Nathaniel Lloyd, a great benefactor of Oxford and Cambridge, added this codicil to his will :—
 “June 2, 1740. I gave to Lincoln College, Oxford, where I was a commoner, £500 in 1737, but it not being laid out as I directed, so no more from me.”
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- 7 S A God of truth, just and right is He.—*Deut. 32, 4.*
 8 M Ye shall do no unrighteousness in meteyard, in weight, or in measure.
 9 TU Just balances, just weights, shall ye have.—*Lev. 19, 35.*
 10 W Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small.
 11 TH All that do such things are an abomination unto the Lord.—*Deut. 25, 13.*
 12 F A just weight is His delight.—*Prov. 11, 1.* “No man has any right to speak about religion that ye canna trust in the market.”—*Ian Maclaren's The Days of Auld Lang Syne.*
 13 S With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you.—*Mark 4, 24.*
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- 14 S Fear not, for thy prayer is heard.—*Luke 1, 13.* This is the first New Testament command.
 15 M What mean ye to break my heart?—*Acts 21, 13.* “No man shall give a false alarum, upon pain of death.”—*Cromwell's Articles of War.*
 16 TU My God, think Thou upon them that would have put me in fear.—*Neh. 6, 14.*
 17 W Jonathan strengthened David's hand in God.—*1 Sam. 23, 16.*
 18 TH One like the appearance of a man strengthened me.—*Dan. 10, 18.*
 19 F God That comforteth those that are cast down.—*2 Cor. 7, 6.*
 20 S Hezekiah strengthened himself.—*2 Chron. 32, 5.*
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- 21 S All my fountains are in Thee.—*Ps. 87, 7 (R. V.)*
 22 M The God Which hath fed me all my life long.—*Gen. 48, 15.*
 23 TU He called me by His grace.—*Gal. 1, 15.*
 24 W I was brought low, and He helped me.—*Ps. 116, 6.*
 25 TH Thou hast set my feet in a large room.—*Ps. 31, 8.*
 26 F I am as a wonder unto many.—*Ps. 71, 7.*
 27 S O magnify the Lord with me.—*Ps. 34, 3.* When Professor Fleeming Jenkin's father, a retired Commander of the Royal Navy, was an old man, he said to his daughter-in-law :—“I want you to make something for me for the drawing-room, Annie. An anchor at each side—an anchor stands for an old sailor, you know—stands for hope, you know—an anchor at each side, and in the middle the word THANKFUL.”
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- 28 S But I will hope continually,
 29 M And will yet praise Thee more and more.—*Ps. 71, 14.*
 30 TU Thus will I bless Thee while I live.—*Ps. 63, 4.*
 31 W I will bless Thy name FOR EVER AND EVER.—*Ps. 145, 1.*